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SENATOR CAPPER'S proposed addition to the Kellogg Treaty is a logical extension of it. He suggests:

> That whenever the President determines and by proclamation declares that any country has violated the Multilateral Treaty for the Renunciation of War, it shall be unlawful, unless otherwise provided by act of Congress or by proclamation of the President, to export to such country arms, munitions, implements of war, or other articles for use in war until the President shall by proclamation declare that such violation no longer continues.

This is a step toward making the treaty more effective which will probably be welcomed by most of its supporters. It seems, though, to have one weakness. The Kellogg Treaty has been so reduced in its possibilities by the exceptions in its own text and the subsequent reservations of most of the signatories that its violation by any country must become largely a question of interpretation. Naturally a nation that evades its application will claim that the Government is not violating the treaty but acting according to its understanding of it. To give our President the power of interpretation is therefore putting large responsibility in his hands. Essentially such interpretation is an international—not an American—question.

THE ROMAN QUESTION, so the headlines run, is solved. The Prisoner of the Vatican is free; Mussolini has with a large and splendid gesture healed a breach of sixty years' standing and reconciled church and state in Italy. We read that there is to be a Roman state of which the Pope will be the head, with power to coin money and make stamps, to maintain, if it likes, telegraph lines and airports; we read that the Pope's first visit may be to Milan and that he may himself say mass on Easter day at the Church of St. John Lateran in Rome, which no Pope has graced with his presence since 1870. We read in addition that the Holy See will receive some fifty millions of dollars from the Italian Government, that Mussolini has canceled his decree of last year, to which the Pope so strenuously objected, making membership of boys compulsory in the young Fascist organizations. And finally, there is the modest announcement that canon law will virtually be resumed throughout Italy. The article in this issue which deals with the subject considers it a triumph for Mussolini, but materially, the church seems to be an immense gainer by the arrangement; psychologically, the Pope may lose considerable prestige if he actually leaves the Vatican and travels about the world or even about Italy. He has been famous as a martyr; if he ventures out of his fortress, like any ordinary priest, surely some of his authority and spiritual power will fall away from him. But this may be too subtle, and Catholics all over the world will have a right to rejoice at what seems to be a triumph for their faith.

BRITISH AIRPLANES HAVE KILLED eighty-five of the tribe of Wahabis in Irak. The first news said the act was in retribution for the murder last month of the Rev. Henry A. Bilkerd, an American missionary, while on an automobile trip with Charles R. Crane. Later reports state that the air attack took place previous to the killing of Mr. Bilkerd. Presumably, therefore, unless it was merely a bit of practice marksmanship, the raid was in punishment for banditry by the Wahabis. We cannot see that this puts a better face on the killings. Bombs dropped from the air are not selective and, even granting that there were eighty-five bandits with records so black as to deserve death, most of the persons killed could have been guilty only of being Wahabis. And now, perhaps—since Mr. Bilkerd's death is still unavenged—another airplane expedition will go out and kill eighty-five more Wahabis as an example to the heathen of Western civilization and justice.

THE SENATE, like the Walrus in "Alice in Wonderland," may well declare that the time has come to talk of ships as well as of shoes, sealing wax, cabbages, and kings. A little delay and more publicity in so important a matter as the liquidation of the passenger business of the United States Shipping Board is good policy and we are glad that Senator McKellar brought it about, whether or not the just-accepted bid of $16,082,000 is reasonable for the eleven ships of the United States and American Merchant

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lines. In general, goods are worth what they will bring, irrespective of what they have cost, and the bid of P. W. Chapman and Company was well above that of any other received. It is well to remember, though, that $10,000,000 of taxpayers' money was spent merely on the reconditioning of one of the eleven ships, the Leviathan, while the Shipping Board's statement that its own book valuation of the fleet is only $16,378,000 is misleading. The four most valuable vessels—the Leviathan, George Washington, Republic, and America—appear on the books as costing nothing to build, since they were seized from Germany. Also, the terms of the Chapman bid call for only $4,000,000 in cash while the government will lend the company $42,000,000 at less than commercial interest for the construction of two new liners. In any event it is to be hoped that the Chapman company is merely the backer for other interests which—unlike it—have had shipping experience. The trouble with most American shipping companies in recent years has been lack of knowledge of ships and world trade.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD has at last taken action intended to keep the nation's surplus funds from being diverted from useful industry to speculation. Its formal warning on February 6 that it might restrict the rediscount facilities given to member banks which were using the credit for maintaining speculative loans brought a crash of prices on the Stock Exchange which, as measured by the average decline in fifty representative issues, has never been equaled in a previous day of our financial history. In spite of the devastation wrought by the Reserve Board's warning, few can doubt the wisdom and necessity of the new policy. The rising interest rate on loans for speculative purposes had drawn almost seven billion dollars into the market in the form of loans made to broker members of the Stock Exchange, and much of this money came from corporations which had withdrawn it from the banks in order to reap the high interest. When the corporations withdrew their funds from banks to make brokers' loans, the banks in turn advanced money to the corporations by drawing upon the Federal Reserve Bank. Now the Federal Reserve Board has declared that its funds should not be used to bolster up the speculative system in this way. The ultimate effect of this warning will be important, though it is not certain that any action by the Federal Reserve Board can check the present speculative fever.

THERE ARE MANY MEN, one admits regretfully, whose business and political ethics are as easy-going as those of Edwin Denby. He belonged to the numerous school of "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours." Had he remained in private life, probably he would have enjoyed an unspotted reputation to the end of his days, on February 8. But the problems and temptations that came to him as President Harding's Secretary of the Navy were too great, and he was implicated in the Doheny-Sinclair oil scandals by transferring the naval petroleum reserves to the Department of the Interior under Secretary Fall. President Coolidge writes that Mr. Denby was "an outstanding example of good citizenship." The decision of the Supreme Court of February 28, 1927, in regard to the Fall-Doheny contracts hardly justifies that. It described them as "conceived and executed in fraud and corruption" and found no evidence that Mr. Denby had signed "under misapprehension and without full knowledge of the contents of the documents. But the evidence sustains the finding that he took no active part in the negotiations, and that Fall, acting collusively with Doheny, dominated the making of the contracts and leases."

THREE PENNSYLVANIA COMMUNISTS will spend five years in prison under the Flynn anti-sedition act unless the Governor should decide to pardon them. The last substantial hope of freedom for Peter Muselin, Tom Zima, and Milan Resetar of Alquippa disappeared when the constitutionality of the sedition act was upheld by the Pennsylvania Supreme Court. The trial and conviction of these Croatian-born men involved some weird "legal" practices which, unfortunately, were not considered in the review by the Supreme Court. All of the defendants, who were workers in a town dominated by coal-and-iron police, were convicted on an indictment charging them with committing certain deeds "with force and arms," whereas the trial records reveal no evidence whatever to show that any defendant used force or arms. The prosecution charged that membership in the Workers (Communist) Party was a crime in itself, and the court admitted as evidence for this contention the foolish poem "America" by David Gordon which was published in the *Daily Worker* four months *after* the alleged seditious meeting for which the defendants were arrested. In addition, the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania on February 4 rendered another decision which is a severe blow to freedom of speech. It reversed the ruling of a lower court and declared that the dialogue of a talking motion-picture was subject to censorship by the Pennsylvania Board of Censors.

NEWS OF RIOTS AMONG NATIVES in Bombay is distressing to friends of Indian Nationalism. The riots ostensibly grew out of a suspicion on the part of Hindus that Pathans—Moslems of Afghan race—had been kidnapping Hindu children for sacrifice in religious rites. Unfortunately, Hindu-Moslem relations at present provide fertile soil for just such suspicions. In our issue of January 30 we called attention to the conference of the Moslem League at Delhi, which was devoted almost entirely to protection of Moslem rights. This disquieting picture is modified somewhat by the proceedings of a rival conference of the Moslem League which met in Calcutta at the same time and showed itself to be in full sympathy with Nationalist aims. Which conference was more representative of Moslem opinion remains in doubt. The dispatches mention incidentally another fact which may be even more significant—that all mills are closed and the mill hands are parading the streets shouting "Victory for the Red Flag!" How the strike began, or what its relation to the religious riots is, the dispatches do not say. Perhaps the Government, already fearful of the profound effect upon India of the example of Soviet Russia, was glad to suppress an economic movement while emphasizing the religious antagonism. It is worth noting that the Public Safety Bill has been reintroduced into the Legislative Assembly. This bill, which gives the Government drastic powers to deal with Communists, including power to deport them, was re-

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jected by one vote at the autumn session of the Assembly, but it appears likely to go through at the present session.

THE CONQUEST OF GERMANY by foreign capital proceeds apace. It is announced that the General Motors is about to acquire the Opel Company, the largest manufacturer of low-priced cars in Germany. General Motors, it is reported, will continue the manufacture of the four-cylinder Opel at the Riesselsheim plant near Frankfurt-on-the-Main, but will manufacture Chevrolet cars there to take the place of the six-cylinder Opel. It is expected the Riesselsheim plant will become the headquarters of General Motors for all its European business. Thus Germany is to see in a short time reproduced upon its soil the battle royal that has been going on in this country between the Ford car and the Chevrolet. This may mean cheap and good cars for Germany, but it is merely one example of the way German industries are passing either outright into American hands or are being mortgaged for a long term of years to American banks, trust companies, and other lenders of American capital. This is the real price that Germany is paying for the loss of the war. She is open to economic penetration at every point, and it is not only American capital which has taken advantage of this golden opportunity. French capitalists have not the slightest objection to profiting by the industrial situation of Germany, or in helping to restore the German industries which they have so feared.

THIRTY YEARS A STUDENT is the record of William Cullen Bryant Kemp, who died the other day at the age of seventy-nine. Indeed, estimates of Mr. Kemp's academic career on the Columbia University campus range as high as sixty years. At any rate he took his B.A. in 1868 and after that, in more or less rapid succession, an A.M., M.D., LL.B., LL.M., Ph.D., C.E., E.E., Mech.E., Phar.-Chem., and a B.S. This provides, one would think, a fairly rounded education, and would have fitted Mr. Kemp for almost any place in society that he chose to assume. "Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief," the old rhyme runs. But Mr. Kemp would have none of them; he preferred the cloistered security of the campus, the Columbia Club, the classroom. All sorts of rumors flew about to explain his fondness for university life, but no aberration was ever more inexplicable. It is, or course, a melancholy tribute to the perseverance of the tribe of man; it is no less an example of how great and how powerful Columbia University is, and how multifarious its fields of study. For there is no record that Mr. Kemp ever repeated a course. One can picture him poring through the catalogue for something not yet covered; and giving a sigh of relief to see that Sanscrit A1 was now being offered, in addition to Thermodynamics 62-63, neither of which he had ever taken.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., has again lent his means to a public-spirited undertaking which will not only mean a great deal to New York City but also to the myriads of visitors who flock to the metropolis in search of the best music. He has leased from Columbia University the greater part of the three blocks bounded by Fifth and Sixth Avenues between West Forty-ninth Street and West Fifty-first Street for a period of eighty-seven years at a rental of $261,000,000 for that period. The property thus leased was given to Columbia College by the State of New York in 1814, in lieu of a participation in a lottery, "for the promotion of literature and for other purposes" and it was then valued at about $40,000. In this huge transaction Mr. Rockefeller is actuated by a desire to beautify the city as well as to provide a new home for the Metropolitan Opera, which, if Mr. Otto H. Kahn has his way, will be a far more democratic building, with many more inexpensive seats, than is now the case. Mr. Rockefeller's tentative plan calls for a plaza 200 feet long with the opera house on one side and ornamental structures on the other—these to include hotels, shops, apartments, and offices. In addition, an entirely new device suggested is a balcony which would run along the second stories of the business buildings, making possible desirable shops on the second floor—a first approach to the long-heralded double-decker streets.

WESTCHESTER COUNTY, New York, has given a remarkable demonstration recently of the success of government enterprise in the development of amusement parks. This suburban county near New York City, instead of selling the amusement resources of its fifty-million-dollar park system, went into the amusement business itself, built Coney Island's mammoth rival, Playland, at a cost of $6,000,000, and made a balance for amortization of $140,000 during the first year of operation. The vast business of the Westchester County Park Commission includes, in addition to Playland, three splendid golf courses, three swimming pools, beaches at five parks, boating on three large bodies of water, and many roadway concessions. The ordinary park features are free to the public, but from the golf courses, swimming pools, bathhouses, and mercantile concessions the commission derives almost enough revenue to support the gigantic system—in 1929 the system is expected to be more than self-supporting. Meanwhile the property-holders of Westchester County who made the initial payments for the park development have seen their land double in value in six years, and they have kept the county's resources in public hands.

WHAT THE SEISMOGRAPH is to an earthquake the Daughters of the American Revolution are to a crisis. And very naturally, the nearer they live to New England—hotbed of revolt only 150 years ago—the more sensitive they become. The latest crisis appeared in the form of a group of young girl dancers from Russia, brought here under the auspices of Irma Duncan, pupil of Isadora. It is reported that the New England branch of the D. A. R. crisismograph tried to stop their performance. Letting them dance, said the D. A. R., might "encourage the reds." We are grateful to the D. A. R. for calling our attention to these nefarious youngsters. We are sure their dancing was only a disguise through which they hoped to get access to the White House and blow up Mr. Coolidge. They were all young and pretty, which indicates the depths of the plot. We feel, and we are sure the D. A. R. will agree with us, that there ought to be a law providing that everything which comes from Russia, including dancers and tea, should be stopped at our shores, taken to Boston, and dumped into the harbor. Who knows when an innocent-looking bit of caviare is going to hatch into a bloodthirsty Bolshevik?

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Mr. Hoover and Mr. Grundy

NO, not *Mrs.* Grundy, most censorious of gossips, but Joseph R. Grundy of Philadelphia, president of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, "the most influential group of its kind in the United States." This is the man who has now thrown down the gauntlet to Herbert Hoover, with a daring unsurpassed in the records of tariff insolence and tariff grabbing. He and his crowd think themselves the real masters of the Republican Party—and well they may. For fifty years they have put up the cold cash and helped to buy election after election—notably that of 1888 when Cleveland opposed them with his program of tariff-for-revenue-only. Mr. Grundy himself, having turned in the considerable sum of $547,000 to Herbert Hoover's campaign treasury, naturally feels he has a proprietary interest in the incoming Administration. So he has opened an office in Washington and has issued an ultimatum to Mr. Hoover and to Congress that he is there to get a "super-tariff," that he will accept nothing less than a "blanket embargo" on every import competing with any Pennsylvania product whatsoever. When, according to Elliot L. Thurston of the New York *World,* he was told that that would imperil the Republican Party in the next election, he replied that he was out to get the tariff and that it was up to the party leaders to look after the election.

Admirable Mr. Grundy! He is everything that a boss of his type ought to be—frank, aboveboard, realistic, clear in his own mind as to just what he wants and determined to get it. Why should he not have his pound of flesh? It is true that he did not give as much to Mr. Hoover's campaign as to Mr. Coolidge's for which he raised $700,000, nor as much as he gave to Governor Fisher in the notorious primary of 1926 when he was the vehicle for $615,000 which reached Mr. Fisher's treasury. None the less probably nobody else raised as much for Mr. Hoover as he and nobody else deserves more generous spoils. He is not in business for his health and neither are his Pennsylvania associates. They want what they want when they want it.

We confess that we find ourselves in deepest sympathy with their plans. We are delighted that they want to do away with all this tariff tinkering, with the emasculated Tariff Commission, with this having to go to Congress every four or five years for bigger and richer profits. Being practical men they want to clean this thing up once for all and to end all further controversy by shutting out for good any competing goods whatsoever. The Chinese wall of the tariff is to be erected so high that no foreigners will even make the effort to get any goods over it—no matter how much money their governments may owe us for war advances. Let us have a showdown by all means as to who really runs the Republican Party. *The Nation* has been saying for fifty years that it was the tariff-fed manufacturers. We naturally have an interest in seeing our thesis proved correct. Besides that, we always believe that when people pay for something they should get it. That is still the fundamental principle of barter and trade.

Mr. Hoover does not, however, seem to realize it. Mr. Grundy having dispatched his willing disciple, Senator Reed Smoot, to the President-elect in his Florida retreat, the word is now forthcoming that, unmindful of that $547,000 campaign contribution, the tariff will be raised only in those things which are deemed by Mr. Hoover to be essential to farm relief—about 15 per cent of the list. So the battle is on and Congress is in for an extremely unhappy summer. For Mr. Grundy and his Pennsylvanians will be backed by every one of the dissatisfied tariff profiteers who have been rushing to Washington to tell their silent partner, Uncle Sam, just how much additional profit they want. It is indeed a Great Parade of the profiteers. The wool-growers are, as usual, well to the front in the procession. They believe that the public has forgotten all about Schedule K and their demand in 1910 for a rate of thirty-three cents a pound which President Taft denounced as "prohibitive" and as "a temptation to monopoly and to conspiracies to control domestic prices"—that dear, kindly, innocent gentleman never suspecting that that is just what a tariff is in its every form. So the wool-growers are now asking for rates running from thirty-six to forty cents a pound. The appetite grows with the plundering. High-power lobbyists are working for them and so are all the wool-dealers' associations in the country. Only the Carded Woolen Manufacturers' Association has ratted. It declares that wool-growers and manufacturers have so rigged the tariff that some rates are now as high as *387 per cent,* although, because of the complexity of the schedules, the public does not remotely suspect this.

So we are for a battle to the finish. The bitterer the fight the more the nature of the whole tariff swindle will come into the open; the greater the chance for the voters to realize what it really means and why it is that the Republican Party has so little difficulty in "frying the fat" out of the protected manufacturers and thereafter has to bow its neck meekly to the yoke. People will see the clearest-cut spectacle of special privilege afforded by the American scene. If they look deep enough they will understand one compelling reason why political life here is so full of graft and corruption; they will understand why the protective tariff has been called the mother of socialism.

If Mr. Hoover really proposes to match wits and powers with Mr. Grundy, he will render a great service to the country. Unfortunately, his hands are tied. His campaign speeches are full of adulation of the tariff system. No one could be more thoroughly committed to it than he is. It has been the cornerstone of his doctrine of prosperity, and prosperity is his gospel, his idol. He has gone into office on the platform of the full garage, and his plan is to make out of the one-car garage a two-car garage, with both stalls full. It must, therefore, be a terrible blow to him to have to begin his Administration by a battle over the system which he says is the foundation of American progress. Nor can he complain if he finds himself abused as an ingrate and an obstructor of traffic if he attempts to limit the new tariff favors to the 15 per cent of the total which it is supposed may bring prosperity to the farmer.

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The Red Man's Burden

"THERE is no good Indian but a dead Indian," it used to be said. Nowadays a live Indian is much better, if he has money, as many of those in Oklahoma have found since oil was discovered. To kill a wealthy Indian would be like killing the goose that laid the golden egg. It is much wiser to let him live and exploit him. If you are a man you can rob your victim without serious interference by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. If you are a woman you can marry him.

A story has been coming out before the Senate's Committee on Indian Affairs which would be a first-class, front-page scandal if we had not grown indifferent toward political knavery and if the victims were other than members of a friendless group. Not only has the administration of Charles H. Burke, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, been revealed as faithless; Attorney-General Sargent last summer held up a grand-jury inquiry into conditions after his assistants had set a date and summoned witnesses, and Hubert Work, formerly Secretary of the Interior, has admitted that it was at his request that proceedings were stopped. His excuse was a wish to have the case reviewed by some "open-minded" persons before it went to the grand jury and the fact that Mr. Burke's wife was ill at the time. In addition the American Baptist Home Mission Society has been disclosed as taking part in an attempt to strip of his money an Indian named Jackson Barnett, while a letter has been produced indicating that the Vice-President-elect, Charles Curtis, intervened with Attorney-General Sargent to help along the project. Finally, the already blackened ex-Secretary Fall stands accused of having had a responsible hand in the attempt to exploit Barnett, and a special assistant to the Attorney-General has told the Senate committee that both Mr. Fall and Commissioner Burke ought to be indicted for their part in the case.

That we know even what we do of this story seems to be due to a quarrel among the wolves. The fight arose over the question whether the Oklahoma Indians were to be devoured by local Republican politicians or gnawed at long-range from Washington. Several years ago an Indian woman who had come into money desired to jettison her husband. But she was kind-hearted and suggested a gift of $10,000 as a substitute for her charms. The husband was willing and advised her to see a lawyer. The lawyer first provided for a fee of $5,000 for himself. He then called in two friends, at similar fees, and they added a couple of their pals on the same basis. Finally an ex-Congressman was added at $15,000, after which a divorce was arranged and the money paid through the benevolence of the Indian superintendent at Muskogee. Thus the divorce cost $40,000, but at that some good local Republican lawyers were left out and they squealed to Washington. The Indian superintendent was superseded by a civil-service employee from outside.

Last December, when Senator Pine of Oklahoma was glancing over the supply bill for the Department of the Interior, he noticed to his horror that the superintendency was put permanently under the civil service.

"We can't trust local Republican leaders to pick a superintendent to handle the affairs of 100,000 Indians out in Oklahoma," said friends of the Indian in the East.

"Oh, can't you?" replied Mr. Pine sweetly. "I suppose you like the way the civil-service boys of the Department of the Interior handled the Jackson Barnett matter better."

Barnett, who is more than seventy years of age, has about $1,100,000 in Liberty bonds, handled for him by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Several years ago Jackson married—or, better, was married by—a white woman. Fearing annulment proceedings, the wife wanted to have some of Barnett's money settled on her and she pooled her interests with friends of Bacone College, maintained in the country of the Five Civilized Tribes by the American Baptist Home Mission Society. It was agreed that Barnett's fortune should be split fifty-fifty, and the Bureau of Indian Affairs pronounced a benediction. But again, it seems, some needy persons had been left out—one, it is said, a friend of Senator Pine. The Barnett settlement reached the federal courts, where Judge Knox granted an injunction against it. But—oh, yes—His Honor approved fees amounting to $189,282.93 for the battalion of lawyers who so gallantly protected Barnett.

Barnett appeared before the Senate committee the other day. "I live in California, but do not know what part," he said. "Before that I lived in Muskogee, but do not know what State."

At this point we rise to ask Attorney-General Sargent if Commissioner Burke's wife has sufficiently recovered from her illness so that a grand jury may consider how faithfully her husband discharged his trust as guardian of Barnett's property. And we would respectfully inquire of the American Baptist Home Mission Society if it has any explanation of its part in the attempted stripping of an aged and mentally helpless Indian.

Turmoil in Spain

THE revolt of January 29 in Spain is only a surface indication of a deeper dissatisfaction at the failure of the present Government to plan for its own eventual supersession by a constitutional regime. This failure has been the principal point about which opposition to the Government has centered, but as long as anyone could maintain that Primo de Rivera was preparing to take the desired step as soon as expediency permitted, the dictator continued to be supported by the numerous conservative patriotic groups in the country. The latter have desired a period of firm government, under the King's rule, on which might be laid the foundations for a return to the former political party system, purged of its inefficiency and dishonesty. This, indeed, was the objective announced by Primo de Rivera himself when he issued his proclamation of September 13, 1923.

Until May, 1928, it was generally thought in Spain that Primo de Rivera intended to resign at the end of his fifth year of power and that he would make way for a cabinet better fitted to cope with the problems facing a civil government. When, however, several former political leaders began to show signs of renewed activity, Primo de

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Rivera issued a categorical statement to the effect that he would not budge from his post as long as the desire to renew the old parties continued, and he has stated frequently since that he would remain at the head of the Government for at least five more years, as "it would hardly be worth my five years of labor and sacrifice to have the political parties reinstated exactly as they were before the 13th of September, 1923."

However, the Premier's attempt to form "new" parties has not been successful, and these last two or three months have brought forth a great deal of adverse criticism from even his staunchest supporters. An idea of the importance of this question can be obtained from a recent editorial in *El Debate,* one of the most conservative newspapers, which has defended and still defends the government:

> Primo de Rivera, the man who came to power through a coup d'etat, is not the man to lead Spain to constitutional legality. Undoubtedly Primo de Rivera is something more than a good general; he is an excellent governor. But we would not be the ones to confer on him the title of "leader of a party." . . . The task of the hour is to facilitate the fusion of the old men and the new men. Is Primo de Rivera the man called to accomplish this? We doubt it very much, and with all sincerity we say it; for he has severely punished a section of our citizens who will not easily be reconciled.

It is believed that enemies of the Premier, encouraged perhaps by the universal discontent over the question of the succession of the present Government, attempted to bring to a head the grievances of at least two of the most dissatisfied groups in Spain. The first of these, the Artillery Corps, has been implicated in at least two revolts since General Primo de Rivera's measure of June, 1926, which established promotion by merit rather than by seniority. It was formerly the most favored corps in the army and formed the King's bodyguard. It is reported that when, after the September, 1926, revolt, the King hesitated to sign the decree disbanding the corps, Primo de Rivera said: "Your Majesty, you must choose between them and me." As a result of the incorporation of the corps into the regular army, no opportunity has been lost to strike at the dictator's authority.

A second group drawn into the last conspiracy figures prominently for the first time, but must hereafter be taken seriously into account. While Primo de Rivera has been catering to the interests of the northern provinces by the enaction of high-protective tariffs and other measures, the agricultural provinces of the East and Southeast, especially Valencia, have become more and more discontented. Besides protesting against the higher prices of manufactured articles, they constantly express the belief that the present Government has not attempted to help them settle their most important problem—the marketing of their produce.

Primo de Rivera may attempt to tighten his grip on the nation through a more rigid application of dictatorial measures, or he may proceed sooner than he had planned to the organization of a government to succeed his own. We hope that he will appreciate the danger of his present iron censorship leading only to greater unrest and to the eventual overthrow of the dictatorial regime by revolution; whereas the first indication that he expects to adopt a moderate policy may make it possible for him to retain that civilian support which has heretofore given him his greatest prestige.

Labor and Royalty

WHAT is royalty's function in England? This question naturally arises as a result of the repercussions in the House of Commons caused by the visit of the Prince of Wales to the coal fields. He was planning to visit South Wales later, where conditions are if anything worse than those in the North of England. But behold, what happens? In the House of Commons uproar results from the charge that miners cannot be got to work in certain mines, that wage checks of $2 a week are not ordinary and were only chosen for propaganda. The Prince's name, of course, is not mentioned in these rebuttals —but it is in the loud-voiced defense which the Labor benches offer to them. "The heir to the throne has been insulted," cries Joseph Westwood; David Kirkwood shouts "Liar!" and defies the speaker to find him out of order.

The Prince of Wales then confers with Stanley Baldwin and it is now reported that the Prince's projected trip into South Wales is to be abandoned and his report on what he has already seen is not to be published. This brings about a situation which must be excessively embarrassing to Tory politicians. It is obviously impossible to call the future King of England a liar in public; yet the temptation must be strong when Laborites are joyfully making the heaviest political capital out of his findings. Which brings us back to our original question. Is the royal family to be completely blind to what is going on in England, to shut its eyes to distressed economic conditions, to unemployment and like ills? Or can a Prince take sides with his people against his Government? Shall we have the Prince of Wales standing for Parliament as a candidate for Labor? Be that as it may, there is no doubt that considerable impetus has been given to Labor's rolling up of votes for the coming election by the Prince's visit to the coal fields.

In addition, at a time when the Government has enough already to worry over, five and a quarter million women from the age of 21 to 30—the "flapper vote"—are newly enfranchised in England. All but 5 per cent of these are women engaged in gainful occupations—in other words, "working women." Will they vote for Conservative candidates? The Labor Party hopes not; that the Conservative Party fears not is evidenced by the series of receptions to be held by Sir Samuel Hoare, Air Minister in the present Cabinet, for some 10,000 domestic servants in certain quarters of London. A cook may thus drink tea with a duchess —may even receive her cup from the duchess's own hand. Will that secure the cook's vote. And are there no duchesses sympathetic with the Labor Party?

The North Midlothian district last month returned a Labor member to Parliament by a vote of 7,917 to 6,955 for his Conservative opponent. At the last election the district went Conservative by 2,000 votes. If Labor should have a majority in the next House it would face a country worn raw by unemployment, in need of expert diplomacy abroad and expert industrial reorganization at home. One would not envy the new Labor Government its tasks. And not the least of these, perhaps, would be to decide in what capacity to place—or keep—the Prince of Wales.

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The Pope and Mussolini

By ADAM DAY

THE long-standing dispute between the Holy See and the Italian state over the temporal sovereignty of the Pope has been settled after more than half a century, and the famous "Prisoner of the Vatican" is now to end his self-imposed confinement. Marking as it does a fresh start in 1929 of the secular march of the Roman Church, the announcement of the Italo-Vatican settlement by Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, and Premier Benito Mussolini of what has gone down in history as the Roman Question is of significant interest to not only Roman Catholics but Protestants throughout the world.

The terms of the settlement may be summarized briefly:

1. The institution of canon law in the courts of Italy, which will necessitate modification of civil laws to conform with it. Save in purely religious matters, canon law will apply to all persons coming within its provisions. Thus it removes all ecclesiastics from the jurisdiction of civil courts and from civil restrictions. They are, moreover, relieved of military duty.

2. Establishment of the Roman Catholic religion as the state religion, as it is in Spain and Belgium.

3. The permanent institution of religious teaching in the Italian public schools. While this is already in effect, the concordat makes papal consent compulsory to any change.

4. Legalization of religious marriages.

5. Civil enforcement of church edicts.

6. A very slight enlargement of territory beyond the Vatican, over which the Pope will hold sovereignty. In this connection, it is to be recalled that Mussolini is pledged not to place a single Italian subject under papal rule. The two small rectifications of the frontier include the Holy Office behind the southern colonnade of St. Peter's Square, St. Peter's Square, and the two flanking colonnades, their upkeep to be intrusted to the Italian government. The Vatican may close St. Peter's Square to the public whenever it shall desire. It may erect within its new state its own railway station, telegraph, telephone, postal, and wireless stations, may coin money, issue bank notes, print postage stamps, and exercise other official prerogatives. The right of extraterritoriality is extended to the residences of all cardinals in Rome.

7. Indemnification amounting to about $105,000,000 for church property seized by the state in 1870. Half of this is to be paid at once.

That public opinion which exists in Italy and Spain is Roman Catholic. Mussolini, by aligning with himself the spiritual authority of the Pope, is able to reach out and influence in his favor a considerable body of the Italian mass. On its face it is an attempt to vest the Pope with nominal sovereignty, temporal power, but the power is a shadow. Underneath the outward semblance is a move by Il Duce toward his own ends, through the hierarchy. With the priest as his friend, he is assured of absolute contact with the whole social and political life of Italy. Mussolini is what the world calls a strong man. Since his star rose, he has dominated everything, including the Italian state, with which he has come in contact. His leadership has far surpassed that displayed by any of St. Peter's successors in modern times. It is difficult to conceive of this man playing a secondary part, even to the Holy Father himself.

The fact that he has paid a capital sum of $105,000,000 as indemnification is not, as money is rated today, a great premium. Certainly it is inconsiderable in view of the political influence which the papal authority will guarantee him. Aside from this, the church property which the Italian state took from the Holy See in 1870 is today worth much more than this sum.

Without doubt the prestige of the Vatican among the Powers will be lowered by this treaty and concordat. For many years the Vatican has solicited international recognition of the temporal authority of the Pope. Every European chancellery contains records of these efforts by Rome. Up to the time of this agreement, every Power has refused to grant the Pope that which he has craved since the troops of Victor Emmanuel II entered the Holy City. It is not Italy which grants it now; it is not Victor Emmanuel III. It is Mussolini.

The arrangement between Mussolini and the Vatican will bring the church more under the influence of the state than at any time in many years. Already there has been strong protest by Catholics outside Italy against Italy's domination of the Vatican. Italy holds control in the Sacred College and has held it for many years. To be Pope one must be Italian. Now, if Mussolini is anything he is a Nationalist. And if Mussolini has any authority or influence in Vatican circles—and his possession of it cannot for a moment be doubted—the Roman Catholic church will be more Nationalist—more Italian—than ever.

The relations between the Vatican and Mussolini, who today is Italy, are put on a very personal basis by this treaty and concordat, and there are sure to be hundreds of thousands of Italians who will not like it. The spirit of Cavour and Garibaldi and Mazzini is not dead in Italy, and here Mussolini has done the very thing that Cavour—the father of Italian unification—opposed. Cavour stood for a free church in a free state. Mussolini has set up two states—a Vatican state within the Italian state.

Undoubtedly the Protestant world will question whether this arrangement between Mussolini and the Pope may not lead to the setting up of another Inquisition made possible and even legal under canon law. The last auto-da-fe that was ever held was that which in 1815 condemned Jose Maria Moreles, the patriot priest of Mexico. There will never be another. The nearest thing the world will ever see to the unemasculated Holy Office is the Italian Secret Police under the government of Mussolini. The world has gone too far in the development of liberal institutions to return to what even priest-ridden, backward Spain put an end to of her own volition when the nineteenth century was in its teens. But Mussolini has led Italy back to the institution of canon law, through which he and the ecclesiastical authorities may work to mutual interest. In this respect, Italy is placed in about the same category as is Spain.

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In passing, it may be said that with the birth of the nineteenth century the application of canon law has been greatly restricted throughout the world. It was abrogated in France in 1790. In England it has no authority, even though some portions of the English law are based upon it. In Scotland, curiously enough, it still prevails to a certain extent. Even in the United States some laws borrowed from the English common law are based on it. In Italy its chief importance lies in the power it gives Mussolini through friendly ecclesiastical courts, and the satisfaction it gives the Holy See. The Holy Father has striven for Italian acceptance of canon law as have his predecessors since the Patrimony of St. Peter was wrested from Pius IX.

The agreement just made sets up canon law alongside the laws of Italy, to be applied in cases coming within the jurisdiction of ecclesiastical courts. At the same time, the Holy See delegates the duty of administering justice within the new papal state to the King's government and the trial in the Italian courts, according to Italian law, of persons accused of crimes committed in papal territory who are outside the ecclesiastical category.

The financial terms of the settlement also are interesting, but it will be more interesting to observe the effect they will have on the contributions of the pious to the Holy See through what is known as Peter's Pence. This contribution in its present form was designed to assist the Holy See financially when it lost through Pius IX the revenue it had so long enjoyed. It grew to immense proportions, exceeding the amount of 3,225,000 francs provided in the Law of Guaranties. While it is a voluntary offering by all Roman Catholic Christendom, the individual gifts varying from the widow's mite to the millionaire's donation, it has been something the Pope could rely on every year and was of a size to cause gratification in the pontifical breast.

The indemnification of $105,000,000 is a round sum, but it is a capital sum. It will not come in annuities in perpetuity, like Peter's Pence. When it is paid, the Holy See will get no more under the present arrangement. Goodly income every year from Peter's Pence notwithstanding, the Vatican has always pleaded poverty—perhaps accurately, for it costs money to maintain the pomp and ceremony of the Roman Catholic church at its very fountainhead. But it will cost still more when new splendor is added to the Papal Court and Pius XI steps forth clad in the pontifical magnificence of both temporal and spiritual ruler, before whom even kings must kneel.

When Cardinal Gasparri and Mussolini have affixed their signatures to the treaty and the concordat, the final chapter of what Palmerston characterized as "the most extraordinary and romantic tale recorded in the history of the world" will be written.

The story belongs to a past age. It moves through intrigue by diplomatists like Bismarck and Metternich and Cavour; by politicians like Napoleon III; by statesmen like Gladstone and Palmerston. Today, half a century after the unification of Italy, one still seems to hear the cry of Mazzini and of Garibaldi and his Red Shirts: "Roma capitale!" Here is the romance of Cavour's sending to Paris of the Comtesse de Castiglione to exert the magic of her beauty on Napoleon III and weave a web about him that would bind him to the cause of Free Italy. The misery of the papal subjects during the long years of misrule and reaction of Pius IX and his avaricious Secretary of State, Cardinal Antonelli, is written into it; as are the Franco-Austrian War of 1859, the freeing of Lombardy and of Venetia, and the welter of blood upon many battlefields.

The papacy owes the loss of its temporal sovereignty to Pius IX and it is a coincidence that another Pius regains it. When Pius IX was elected Pope in 1846, satisfaction was voiced throughout all Christendom. The Italian people regarded him as one who would be certain to grant the reforms which they cried for. Only Prince Metternich seemed to appraise him rightly as being first and foremost a priest. In the hands of Jesuit advisers, it was not long before the papal subjects and all Italians recognized him as the embodiment of reaction. Every move to ease the conditions under which the papal subjects lived met with violent opposition from the Vatican, and anathema and interdiction were the reward of the Catholics who headed the movement for Italy's unification. The text of his reactionary intransigence lies in the encyclical "Quanta Cura," with its syllabus of what he called the most prominent errors of the time.

This immovable opposition to the Liberal thought that was growing in Europe made Pius IX the most unpopular Pope in modern times. For many years before his death it became obvious that he could not hold back the tide of revolt in the papal states or delay the unification schemes of Cavour without the aid of the Powers. Indeed, in 1848 he was forced to flee to rock-ribbed Gaeta, and there would have ended all papal authority in the city of Rome had not Napoleon III intervened for political reasons—chiefly his need of the support of the clerical party at home.

Napoleon III propped up the throne of St. Peter from 1849 until July, 1870, and from the day the French troops entered the Holy City until they were withdrawn it was known everywhere that the Pope could not maintain his detested government without foreign aid. During those twenty-one years vast changes were taking place everywhere, including the papal states. By the time Cavour died, in 1861, only the Patrimony of St. Peter and the Province of Venetia lay outside the Italian fold. East of the Rhine the Iron Chancellor in his Wilhelmstrasse smithy was reforging the German Empire. Piedmontese and Italian subjects of princes who held despotic sway in the Italian states by the might of Austria had carried the torch of reform even to the precincts of the Vatican. But Pius IX would neither see nor take cognizance of these changes. Within his territory there was nothing like liberty, and reform could be no more tangible than a hope so long as the soldiers of Napoleon held the city.

The cloud hung low over Europe when he called together Roman Catholic bishops from all parts of the world for the first Vatican Council. It assembled in December, 1869—the first church council since that of Trent had crystallized Roman Catholic dogma and practice to meet the Reformation attack. Not long afterward Napoleon called his soldiers home to meet Prussia, and Pius IX found his temporal power crumbled. It is probable he would not have lost that power had he been more pliable and a greater statesman. When he ascended the papal throne he was beloved everywhere. He died a friendless old man, through whom the church had lost a rich patrimony.

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Salt Creek: The Biggest Oil Scandal

By PAUL BLANSHARD

THERE have been four great American oil scandals in recent years, all interrelated but all separate. This article is concerned with the fourth—a scandal which is potentially the greatest of them all. Involved in it is the title to one of the richest oil fields in the world.

Let the reader take a deep breath and try to get these four scandals distinct in his mind. Sinclair and Doheny made fraudulent contracts with Albert B. Fall for the naval reserve oil of Teapot Dome and Elk Hills—that was the Teapot Dome scandal. Then the Senate, while tracing the sources of the bribes paid to Fall, discovered that Robert W. Stewart, Harry F. Sinclair, Harry Blackmer, and James O'Neil had created the dummy Continental Trading Company and used part of its "jack pot" to bribe Fall and to pay Will Hays $260,000 for the Republican Party—that was the Continental Trading Company scandal.

This scandal has its aftermath in the fight by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., against Stewart because Stewart concealed his Continental Trading Company profits and lied about them to a Senate committee. Then, last February, Hubert Work as Secretary of the Interior renewed an invalid lease between Albert Fall and Harry Sinclair for the *royalty* oil which the government received as *rental* for its Salt Creek, Wyoming, oil land—that was the scandal of the Salt Creek *royalty* oil leases. The fourth scandal is concerned with Salt Creek but not with the royalty oil. The royalty oil is only a small percentage of the oil which the great Standard Oil and Sinclair interests are taking from government land in Wyoming under leases. The fourth scandal in a nutshell is this: The leases themselves under which the great oil syndicates are drawing oil from the billion-dollar Salt Creek field are fraudulent or questionable. A thorough investigation would probably disclose the fact that the government can gain at least $500,000,000 in illegitimate profits, past and future, by pressing the case against the present leaseholders.

Side by side in Natrona County, central Wyoming, are the two most famous oil fields in America, Teapot Dome and Salt Creek. Imagine the barren hills of Wyoming in the opening years of the present century, trod by prospectors with their mules, and cowboys with their broncos, and occasionally by the last of the covered wagons moving west to the Pacific. Few automobiles with their demand for gasoline, no general knowledge concerning the place of oil in the new civilization. The government owned the most valuable land in Wyoming and allowed prospectors to roam over it and establish claims under the old mining law of 1872. These prospectors could establish placer claims for twenty acres of land provided they *actually discovered minerals or oil* and worked the claim personally to the extent of $100 a year. One prospector could unite with seven others in working a maximum claim of 160 acres.

Then came the general use of automobiles and the new demand for motor fuel of every description. During the Taft Administration the conservationists made their great campaign and the government withdrew by an order dated September 27, 1909, all of the Salt Creek oil field which had not already been captured by private prospectors.

As oil became important in our business life, great pressure was brought to bear upon the Republican and later upon the Democratic administrations to release the fields for development. Finally after a long and bitter struggle in Congress, in which La Follette fought against any surrender of natural resources to private exploitation, the leasing act of 1920 was passed under which the great oil companies now operate Salt Creek. That law immediately opened the great public oil lands of the government for twenty-year leases—not purchases—to be granted at public auction to the highest bidder. Concerning the leases under the main provisions of the leasing act there is no scandal, and we need not discuss them here. The troublesome question which has since caused all the scandal was this: What special rights should the original oil "squatters" have under the new leasing system? Obviously they should be given special rights because some of them had actual ownership titles. In addition to these clearly established claims to ownership under the placer mining law there were other claims of men who had bought drills and started work on property but had not discovered the oil which would give them title up to the day when the land was withdrawn by the President. All of these knotty problems were finally lumped together and disposed of in the "relief sections" of the leasing act of 1920. In effect these relief sections gave the original squatters the right to lease the land they had title to at a specially low rate from the government, provided they renounced all claim to ownership, and provided that no one individual or corporation claimed more than 3,200 acres.

Instantly there was a rush of applicants for leases under this relief provision. Squatter claims seemed to be growing on every acre of valuable public oil land in Wyoming, and on many of the acres there were half a dozen of these placer claims. But the claimants were in very few cases the actual prospectors who had pioneered in the field; these first pioneers had for the most part died or moved on after bitter struggles against poverty, and had sold their claims to financial adventurers and shrewd lawyers from Denver and the East. Foremost among the claimants were a number of oil companies organized in Denver, and the richest part of the Salt Creek field fell to some speculators who bought out the claims of two original "occupants," William G. Henshaw of California and William M. Fitzhugh, a roving engineer. The present leaseholds of the Standard Oil subsidiaries to the best part of Salt Creek are based directly upon the Fitzhugh-Henshaw placer mining claims of 1910. To put it graphically the titles run back thus, with the Fitzhugh-Henshaw claims at the base.

Standard Oil Company of Indiana owns 99 per cent of the Midwest Refining Company.

Midwest Refining Company has a virtual monopoly of Salt Creek oil through contracts with local companies to operate and transport oil.

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Wyoming Associated Oil Company and many other local companies, mostly "paper" corporations selling their oil at low rate to Midwest Refining and Standard Oil of Indiana whose stockholders skim the cream of the profits.

Fitzhugh-Henshaw and other "original" claims sold to above.

On this question of the validity of the Fitzhugh-Henshaw leases hinges several hundred million dollars. The private lessees have taken about one billion dollars' worth of oil out of Salt Creek under these special squatter leases for which they have paid a royalty of approximately 15 per cent and they have made a clear profit of at least $600,000,000. If they had been compelled to bid for these leases in the open market instead of relying upon the special rights of placer claims they would have had to pay several hundred millions more to the government for the oil. To prove how valuable these placer claims are to the oil companies it is only necessary to point out that the State of Wyoming has leased a field of its own in the middle of Salt Creek for 65 per cent of the gross production while the oil companies pay only 16 per cent.

The three great questions concerning the validity of the present leases of Salt Creek oil land are these: Are the placer mining claims upon which the present leases are based legal? If they are fraudulent, did the present lessees know of the fraud? Have these oil companies limited their operations to the prescribed 3,200 acres? Fortunately all of these questions were brought up at the time the companies now operating in Salt Creek applied for their leases in 1920. Two special assistants from the Attorney-General's Office, R. C. Bell and A. B. Bouton, analyzed the claims exhaustively and declared them fraudulent. They found after an independent investigation that the oil companies leasing Salt Creek were guilty on all three of the test questions enumerated above. Since their report is the key to the whole problem I shall quote the gist of R. C. Bell's findings as published in the report of the Senate Public Lands Committee. Bouton, a special assistant to the United States Attorney, who had spent five or six years almost exclusively in investigating the Salt Creek field, agreed with Bell's findings.

> Leases to the withdrawn oil lands of the Salt Creek field, Natrona County, Wyoming, have been requested under the act of February 25, 1920, by . . .
>
> These applications should be denied, because:
>
> 1. The applicants have been guilty of fraud, had knowledge of reasonable grounds to know of fraud, and have not acted honestly and in good faith.
>
> 2. The applicants are requesting a greater acreage than the maximum allowed by said act; and the leases, if granted as requested, or at least interests therein, would inure to persons, associations, or corporations for a greater aggregate area or acreage than the maximum in said act provided for. . . .
>
> The paramount reason urged by applicants in support of their claims is that they innocently and in good faith have expended vast sums in the development of the field, but the true facts render this contention impotent, because almost all the capital used, not only for development but also to purchase claims, was the money received for the oil taken by these trespassers from the public lands. So resourceful were these promoters and capitalists that at no time did they risk any considerable part of their own means. They let the property pay for itself and for its development. . . . The crowd asking such valuable concessions at the hands of the government already has become immensely wealthy at its expense. They have no equities worthy of consideration. It is true that stocks have been sold to the public, but surely the government should not sacrifice the public property, a greatly needed natural resource, to make these oil stocks good.
>
> The Midwest Refining Company has an absolute monopoly of the Salt Creek field, and in one way or another controls every one of the above-named applicants. It is interested in every acre sought by them, and a lease to anyone of them will inure to its benefit. Its claims are based on titles that are thoroughly saturated with fraud, and from the beginning its promoters, officers, and directors unquestionably have had full knowledge of the fraud.

Bell and Bouton condemned the original Fitzhugh-Henshaw claims as fraudulent because they were dummy claims established by Henshaw and Fitzhugh under an arrangement whereby Henshaw contributed the money, Fitzhugh did the work, the profits were split between them on an agreed basis under a contract, and the names of a host of relatives and friends were used as dummies without any contribution or bona fide share in the profits on their part. The claims, incidentally, were made *after* the Salt Creek field had been withdrawn by President Taft.

The charges of Bell and Bouton aroused a storm of protest from the oil speculators and brought to the capital a swarm of lobbyists. John Barton Payne, who was serving as Secretary of the Interior in the last Cabinet of Wilson, referred the matter to his assistants, and called a hearing. But the Department of the Interior decided for the oil companies—and Clay Talman, Commissioner of the Land Office of the Department of the Interior in charge of the matter, retired a few weeks later to accept a position with the chief oil company involved in the claims, the Midwest Refining Company. Nothing more was said about the matter until the long slimy trail of Teapot Dome led back to the old record. Then the whole controversy was dragged out again last spring before the Senate Public Lands Committee on resolution of Senator Norris and the public was given the chance to examine the official reasons why those Salt Creek leases were not canceled after the Bell-Bouton report.

The hearing before the Senate committee has revealed the fact that the Department of the Interior never followed up the attack upon the oil companies operating in Salt Creek by calling a hearing in Wyoming or examining independent witnesses in that area. The major evidence submitted by the department to explain its reasons for granting the leases was an ex parte affidavit submitted by Karl C. Schuyler, personal attorney of Harry Blackmer, who with O. H. Shoup organized the oil company that exploited the Henshaw-Fitzhugh locations—this in spite of a specific warning from R. C. Bell that so shadowy a case should not be determined by ex parte evidence.

Since 1921 many new discoveries have been made revealing the corrupt control of Salt Creek oil companies. Harry Blackmer, who is now dodging trial for fraudulent practices by hiding in France, defied the law against monopoly control of Salt Creek when as president of the Midwest Refining Company he created a voting trust by which all the stockholders gave their votes to three men, and the

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other two men passed them on to Blackmer. Blackmer as absolute lord of the Salt Creek field and Stewart as master of Standard Oil of Indiana have had an unprecedented opportunity to bilk the United States and Wyoming out of royalty and stockholders out of profits by conspiring to sell Salt Creek oil to themselves at less than it is worth and to keep the profits. This is precisely what they did in the Continental Trading Company case—and the price of Salt Creek oil has been suspiciously low.

It will be seen from all this that the fourth and greatest of the oil scandals is not like the Teapot Dome affair. There is no culprit with a black bag, no evident corruption of government officials. Like the minor scandal of the Salt Creek royalty oil it resolves itself into a scandal of negligence and incompetence in saving the nation's natural resources from illegal exploitation. It concerns not any one party but both the Republican and Democratic parties.

The immediate problem is one of pressing the investigation through to a complete exposure of the original placer mining claims upon which the whole superstructure of leases is built. Senator Nye of the Senate Lands Committee is determined to press such an investigation no matter where it may lead, but the majority of his fellow-members show no such disposition. After the public hearing of last spring which reopened the whole question they appointed as chief attorney and investigator—of all men—former Senator Thomas Sterling of South Dakota, aged reactionary, father of the very relief provisions of the leasing act under which the great oil corporations are farming the government fields. Senator Sterling it was who, when Walsh exposed the craven effort of Daugherty to frame Senator Wheeler on a ludicrous charge of corruption, stood out against all the rest of his committee and refused to sign the report exonerating Wheeler. Also he stood out alone against the Walsh report of 1920 criticizing the "red raids" of Mitchell Palmer. He warmly defended President Harding for urging Congress to ratify the fraudulent Teapot Dome lease made by Harry F. Sinclair and Albert B. Fall, and his entire record of service in the United States Senate has been consistent with that action. Regular of the regulars, Sterling has been obviously chosen not for purposes of prosecution but to smother the whole scandal in pious verbiage. Walsh, the ablest prosecutor in the Senate, is somewhat embarrassed because he is joint author of the leasing act under which the oil companies are now developing Salt Creek and he is anxious to prove that any evils which have resulted are not caused by the act itself.

The hope of the situation lies in the small minority of progressives in the Senate Public Lands Committee, which includes Nye and Walsh. In view of the enormous stakes involved they should not rest content until a new and vigorous prosecutor has supplanted Senator Sterling and until the surviving witnesses of the placer mining days are heard. Almost every trail of fraud and negligence leading back into the oil industry and its relations to the government in recent years has yielded rich results in exposing crookedness and in recovering for the people property which belongs to them. The United States Senate cannot afford to smother this investigation.

Oh, Poor Mr. Mellon!

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, D. C., February 11

THE ironic gods will have their fling, and they seem to be preparing for one vast Olympian chuckle at the expense of Calvin Coolidge. Tell it not in Philistia, but the outlook is that the great apostle of governmental thrift will wind up his famous Economy Administration with a handsome deficit in the public treasury! What makes it more excruciating is that the author of the impending disaster is the same financial wizard to whose genius the supposed success of the Coolidge fiscal policies have universally and reverently been attributed. Poor Mr. Mellon, he seems to have been betrayed by his own generosity—a fate seldom visited on such as he. However, tax refunds and the Greek loan do not constitute the sad story in its entirety; there is also the little matter of our preparation for the Next War, presumably to be fought against Great Britain.

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AT the opening of the session Mr. Coolidge informed Congress of a prospective surplus of $37,000,000, and with that comforting assurance the House promptly approved the Greek loan of $14,000,000. Alas, the President had spoken too soon! Six days later Mr. Mellon sent down a request for $75,000,000 more to cover refunds to the shivering and destitute taxpayers—that is, to the Steel Corporation, the Aluminum Trust, the American Sheet and Tinplate Company, and their like. The look of anguish which Mr. Coolidge cast in the direction of the Treasury was enough to melt anything except the heart of a Pittsburgh manufacturer who had already bestowed his sympathies elsewhere in a very substantial way. Unfortunately, this was not the end. All innocent of the fate which awaits Presidents whose successors are already elected, Mr. Coolidge counted on Congress to accept his recommendation to remove the time limit from the cruiser bill, thereby eliminating the necessity for immediate expenditures. Alas again! Even the docile House defied him, and in the Senate he could muster but a corporal's guard, consisting largely of Progressives and Democrats. Senator Norris's sardonic cry—"Thank God, I am not one of those ingrates who deserts our President in his last hour!" fell on red but obdurate ears. The cruiser bill, with the diminutive figure of Senator Freddy Hale perched somewhat ridiculously on the poop, swept to victory with the time limit intact. The immediate consequence is that an appropriation, variously anticipated at from $12,000,000 to $29,000,000, is to be tacked on to a deficiency bill to defray the costs of construction work to be started immediately.

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MEANTIME, the prospects are excellent for the increase of other items and the insertion of new ones. Senator King and Representative Byrns, two of the best-

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informed experts in Congress, estimate that the total deficit will be in the neighborhood of $100,000,000. Of course, it is always possible that the wily Andrew is playing his old game of underestimating the incoming revenue in order to obtain credit for the excess over his own figures. Likewise it is possible that he may juggle the figures in such a way as to put a different aspect on the situation. He is a master bookkeeper. Finally, not all the pending appropriation items are assured of passage. But in the event of the last two possibilities becoming actualities, what a pretty kettle of fish will be passed on to Mr. Hoover! Figures cannot be made to lie indefinitely; an actual deficit cannot forever be dressed up as a paper surplus; bills incurred by the Government must be paid. In this connection it is illuminating to observe that the supply bills for the army and navy this year will aggregate about $750,000,000, a larger sum than was ever spent by any nation for military purposes during a peace year—considerably larger than was spent for such purposes by imperial Germany in the years when her military preparations were regarded as a menace to the world. And this sums includes no item connected with the cruisers to be built. Their construction will cost about $274,000,000, and the cost of maintaining them will add approximately $10,000,000 annually to future supply bills. Consider the fact that they will be obsolete in twenty years, add $13,700,000 a year for depreciation, and you have some idea of the delights which await the taxpayers.

One of the most interesting and logical probabilities confronting Mr. Hoover is the necessity of increasing federal taxes before the end of his first term. If and when that hour arrives it would be charming to hear his expression of opinion concerning the good Calvin and the saintly Andrew.

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THE wholly plausible rumor that the spirits of Captain Kidd and the late Jesse James had been invoked to render advice on the framing of the new tariff schedules, is disproved; a greater than either of these is on the job. The invisible hand which has been tilting the table so purposefully has become visible, and it is the hand—as we should have realized all along—of Mr. Joe Grundy, celebrated head of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association and fabulous angel of all Republican national campaigns. Mr. Grundy is here with his famous philosophy of government by and for those who contribute to campaign funds. He has been here for some time, but not all of us knew it. It was Mr. Grundy who, when the question of a special session was in doubt, peremptorily had the Pennsylvania Congressional delegation meet, resolve, and present their (his) importunities to Mr. Hoover. A lot of heart-burning attended Mr. Grundy's successful labors. Party leaders, including Messrs. Coolidge, Longworth, Moses, and Snell, sensing the danger of a tariff scandal like that which wrecked the middle of President Taft's Administration, were hot for passing a farm bill which would dispose of Mr. Hoover's campaign pledge, and thus make a special session unnecessary. At that point Mr. Grundy appeared on the scene, with his mind made up. Some of these leaders appealed to him as a good Republican but were met with the stony glare of a better protectionist. They suggested that such a tariff bill as they anticipated would play the deuce with the party in the off-year Congressional election. Mr. Grundy retorted substantially and bluntly that the matter of which they spoke was their affair, and inquired pointedly just why they supposed he had gone to the trouble and pains to raise $600,000 for the last Republican campaign fund. Of course, these gentlemen knew why. Meanwhile, the incredible comedy proceeds before the House Ways and Means Committee. A poor manufacturer of knitted goods implores Congress to place a higher duty on that product. He discloses that $5,000,000 worth of such goods actually entered this country last year, "and the number of American workmen necessary to produce that amount were thus deprived of work." It develops that the gross sales of his own company last year were $200,000,000. It also develops that a recent impartial survey showed that workers in this industry were among the most poorly paid in the country. Yes, admits the magnate; he and his colleagues were so humiliated by the publication of the survey figures that they gave their employees a bonus.

* * * * *

PIOUS statesmen in the capital were shocked into public utterance a few days ago by a unique performance staged at a local theater and attended by a capacity audience which included many of the fashionables of Washington. It was given for the benefit of four men who had been convicted of gambling. The trial judge offered these offenders a choice between turning informers against their associates, and the savage and incredible punishment of three years in prison. All chose prison. Their families were destitute. Theatrical people offered their services free for a benefit show. The response was tremendous. The underworld fought to reach the ticket window. Limousines glided up to discharge dozens of befurred ladies escorted by gentlemen in silk hats. About $5,000 was realized. Among those who publicly vented their horror over this depraved spectacle was the Honorable Arthur Capper, Senator from Kansas, who recently voted in secret to confirm the nomination of Roy O. West as Secretary of the Interior, just as he had previously voted in secret to confirm the nomination of Thomas F. Woodlock to the Interstate Commerce Commission, after conveying the impression outside that he would vote against it. Senator Capper was surprised that such a thing could happen. I was surprised too. I had not believed there was so much decent humanity in the town, even in the underworld. Incidentally, the court in which the four received their three-year sentences was the same court in which Harry F. Sinclair, E. L. Doheny, Robert W. Stewart, and Albert B. Fall were adjudged patriots and allowed to go free.

* * * * *

IT would be extremely illuminating to know how and why the New York *Times* happened recently to publish a story denying that press censorship was practiced on Hoover's South American tour. The editorial style of the story was conspicuously foreign to that which is customary in the news columns of the paper. Its peculiar absurdity lay in the fact that while the *Times* was denying the censorship, Hoover's official associates in Washington were boldly admitting it, and defending it on grounds which they considered logical. More, they admitted that George Barr Baker was taken along for the express purpose of acting as censor, and that he acted as Mr. Hoover's personal representative. The admission, of course, was unnecessary; the testimony of the reporters themselves was unanimous that

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no dispatch could be sent until it was read and approved by Baker. And not one of them was more emphatic in his assertion of the fact, or more vigorous in his condemnation of it, than the representative of the New York *Times* when he returned to Washington! Whatever may be said of its editorial page, the news columns of the *Times* are a source of satisfaction and vindication to every honest newspaperman; they should not be debased to such uses as this.

My Father Knew Lincoln

By THOMAS HALL SHASTID

MY father, in his childhood and youth, knew Lincoln. Grown to man's estate and become a village doctor at Pittsfield, Illinois, he used to take me, a child, with him on his rounds among the farm houses, visiting the sick. On such occasions he would often regale me with tales about his old-time friend.

My father had been born at, or very near, New Salem, where Lincoln had kept store, and not infrequently my father, either alone or with an elder brother, would go to the Lincoln place on an errand for his mother. His earliest remembrance of Lincoln was that of the long, gaunt, shambling, melancholy, kindly spoken storekeeper, as the little boy entered his shop.

Almost always Abe would be seated on a box in the front of the store, dejected and abstracted almost beyond belief. The boy would sometimes have to go to him and shake him. After he had waited on his customers, Abe would take his seat again and, placing a long and angular but very kindly arm about the child, would tell him a story. Once Abe was lying on the ground outside the store, reading, with his bare feet resting up the trunk of a tree. Again he was passing along the village street, handing out letters to the villagers—for he was postmaster as well as storekeeper.

My father at a very early age removed with his parents and the rest of their family to Pittsfield, Illinois. Their house stood just two blocks from the courthouse square. Now and then, when Mr. Lincoln had come to the little county seat on business connected with the law, he would come down to the Shastid house for his dinner and a word with old friends.

On one such occasion it happened that Grandfather Shastid had just come in from the country, where he had been hunting and had bagged a dozen quails. Wild meat was cheap meat as well as good meat then. It also happened, on that day, to be the only meat this family had. Grandfather's numerous progeny stood about, hungry, wide-eyed, waiting for the quails to finish broiling. All at once, as the custom then was, somebody pushed the door open without knocking. And behold! there stood Abraham Lincoln.

Abe sat down at their hearty invitation in the place of honor at the head of the table and soon the platter of quails was placed before him. At first Abe not only ate voraciously, but talked vivaciously. After a little he fell suddenly into deep thought. One by one the quails disappeared into the vast Lincolnian reservoir. A gesture from grandmother kept all the rest from calling for quail. After a short time Abe, still abstracted, reached out his fork for the very last quail, took it to his own plate, and began to eat it. Then my father, who at this time was still very young, burst suddenly into tears, and cried out: "Abe Lincoln, you're an old hog!"

It was always a matter for homeric laughter between the country doctor and his little boy that Abraham Lincoln, perhaps the most generous and self-sacrificing of men, had once been called "an old hog."

Lincoln, duly contrite and tenderly apologetic, but also filled to repletion, at last arose to go, and himself went and got his hat. All at once he was taken with some idea or another, probably legal, and, pulling from his pocket, as he had a way of doing, a used envelope, he made thereon some brief notation. Having done this, he filed the envelope, not back in his pocket as anyone else would have done, but inside his hat, between the crown and the sweatband. This was, in fact, a common filing place with Lincoln for notes and, indeed, back in New Salem, distributing mail about the village, he had carried it all in his hat.

There was one point that my father had noted about Lincoln's physiognomy that I have never seen recorded. It was that the left eye, from time to time, looked queer and then suddenly "crossed," i.e., turned up. At the time when my father told me this it did not strike me as having the least importance. Older grown, however, and become an oculist, I was struck one day by the recollection and then by the meaning of the fact itself. Lincoln had been the victim of hyperphoria (a *tendency* of one eye upward) with, now and then, a momentary hypertropia (actual *turning* of one eye upward). Such a condition, as all oculists know, gives rise to an intense form of eyestrain and is one of the commonest causes of deep and protracted melancholy—the chronic, inexpressible blues. Here, then, was the probable explanation of the well-known Lincolnian depression of spirits which lasted, off and on, until his death.

The causes ordinarily assigned for Lincoln's frequent periods of dejection are much more romantic than the one I have just suggested, but they don't "hold water" half so well. They are first, a prevision of his own tragic taking off; second, ineradicable grief at the loss of his sweetheart, Ann Rutledge.

As to the first, we can dismiss it at once as occult and fantastic. As to the second, we have only to remember that, within one year after Ann Rutledge's death, Lincoln was making love to Mary S. Owens, and, indeed, though unsuccessfully, he proposed marriage to her. Four years later he was likewise making love to Sarah Rickard and with equal lack of success proposed to her also. Almost immediately thereafter he proposed to Mary Todd and was accepted. Then, too, although Lincoln no doubt loved Ann Rutledge with all his great, true heart, it is a fact that he had been confirmed in melancholy long before his first meeting with her. I believe that this melancholy was owing

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to the unromantic fact that, in Lincoln's day, no oculist knew how to prescribe a prism for hyperphoria.

Still one more point about Lincoln that concerns his eyes. To my grandmother, who once wished to show him the flowers in her front yard, he said: "I will look at your flowers, mother, but I really cannot understand what people see to admire in such things. I am somehow deficient." From this I have often suspected that Lincoln was color-blind. He would often enough, in conversation and in public speeches, refer to the sunset, the flowers, and so on, but only, as it seemed, because these matters appeared beautiful to others.

My father heard Lincoln debate with Douglas not once but several times. Douglas, he thought, was the better speaker, but not the better reasoner. It was Lincoln's earnestness and love of justice and right that won. Except in this respect he was no match at all for the august, highly cultivated, lion-voiced orator. Lincoln's tones were high-pitched and often disagreeable. He spoke distinctly, however, and very regularly—almost staccato.

My father also heard Lincoln at a number of trials. He was altogether commonplace, except when fired by the thought of injustice or oppression. Then he became transformed, inspired with holy determination, a veritable archangel of righteous advocacy. To speak well he must think that someone, black or white, had been "abused."

One of these trials my father distinctly remembered, though I myself have forgotten where it occurred. It was a case of some importance, and practically the whole affair hinged on the testimony of a celebrated surgeon.

Lincoln refused to cross-examine any except this last witness. The surgeon had made some very extreme statements, and when he was all through Lincoln said, very slowly and impressively: "Doctor, how much money are you to receive for testifying in this case?"

The witness hesitated for a moment, then asked the judge: "Your honor, do I have to answer that question?"

"Yes," said the judge. "It's proper."

The witness named a fee so large that the audience fairly held its breath.

Lincoln rose, turned, and his left eye went up, as it often did in moments of excitement. Stretching out his long right arm and forefinger, he cried in a shrill voice, overflowing with the hottest indignation: "Gentlemen of the jury, big fee, big swear."

And those four monosyllables were all he ever said to that jury. They won the case.

Both of Lincoln's two "boys," John Nicolay and John Hay, were acquaintances of my father at Pittsfield, Hay in 1851 only, Nicolay both before, during, and after that year. Nicolay, who had been born in Bavaria, lived with his father and stepmother a few miles out of Pittsfield. One Sunday afternoon the Reverend Garbutt, who was editor of the *Free Press* at Pittsfield, and who each Sunday turned preacher, was riding in toward Pittsfield from a meeting. Hearing screams up a side road, he turned his horse and spurred in their direction. He soon came upon a woman punishing rather vigorously a good-sized boy, while the father sat idly by, unremonstrant. Mr. Garbutt quizzed the couple and found that neither the stepmother nor the father really cared much for the boy. The upshot was that the parents "gave" the lad to Garbutt, who thereupon took him on the horse behind him and brought him to town.

My father, just one year older than Nicolay, became his immediate friend. Again and again those two tramped the plank sidewalks of Pittsfield into the late hours of the night, and, even then, loath to give each other up, would not infrequently go to the little frame *Free Press* office, mount to the half-story loft, and retire by the very simple process of lying down in their clothes on the hay. Here they would talk for hours of the great things they meant both to be and to do.

In 1851 appeared upon the scene young Hay, six years the junior of Nicolay and seven of my father. He had come to attend the John D. Thomson Academy. Intellectual, however, beyond his years, and drawn instinctively to the printing office, he soon was an intimate friend of the two older boys. On several occasions he, too, slept in their Parnassian company.

My father never could long keep away from the printing office, even in the daytime, for he loved John Nicolay as he loved his own soul. Once into the printing office, fresh from the courthouse in the adjacent square, stepped a long, lank, black-haired, gray-blue-eyed man, who needed some good printing and needed it quickly. To him my father introduced young Nicolay. And this, I am sure, was the first meeting of Lincoln with the lad who, even before the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, was to be his private secretary and was so to remain until the assassin's bullet had done its work. I have seen it stated that Lincoln first met Nicolay when the latter was assistant to the Secretary of State in Springfield, That, however, is undoubtedly a mistake.[1]

Whether my father ever chanced to perform for Hay a service similar to that which he had done for Nicolay, I do not know. In either case it was at Nicolay's insistence that Lincoln took Hay down to Washington as his assistant private secretary, and so gave to the future Secretary of State of the United States and Ambassador to Great Britain the opportunity he needed.

Most of the matters I have mentioned here are only trifles, of course. And yet they do concern Lincoln. For that reason they may be worth preserving.

After a time, even those who knew those who knew those who knew Lincoln will be gone. And then, perhaps, his record in things small as well as great will be complete. But the great case of Lincoln *versus* Injustice will never be closed. Through the ages his voice will reecho and his every word and deed will become of increasing importance to this justice-loving yet also justice-hating world.

[1] Thus, for example, A. S. Chapman in the *Century Magazine*, N. S., Vol. XLVI, 1909, p. 444, relates:

"Nicolay had sold the Pike County *Free Press*. He had been the Pittsfield correspondent of what is now the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, and had started for St. Louis by way of Springfield to see about forming a regular connection with the paper. While he was in Springfield he was entertained by O. M. Hatch of Griggsville, Illinois, who was Secretary of State under Governor Bissell and Governor Richard Yates. During the time that Nicolay was at the home of Mr. Hatch, Lincoln came into Mr. Hatch's office, saying:

"'I wish I could find some young man to help me with my correspondence. It is getting so heavy I can't handle it. I can't afford to pay much, but the practice is worth something.'

"'I have just the young man for you,' replied Mr. Hatch.

"He introduced John Nicolay to Lincoln, who thus became acquainted with his future biographer."

Incidentally, Weik in "The Real Lincoln," p. 283, informs us that Nicolay was not at this time a guest at Mr. Hatch's home, but a clerk in his office. Moreover, Mr. Hatch, at the time in question, may indeed have "introduced" Nicolay to Lincoln, and yet it may also have been that that was not the *first* occasion on which he had been so introduced.

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In the Driftway

FLORIDA'S two worst disasters in recent years have been the boom of 1925-1926 and the hurricane of 1928. So far as the eye goes, at least, there are not many uncouth effects of either left today, but on the road from Miami to Palm Beach one sees traces of both. There are reminders of the hurricane in palm trees torn and denuded in their tops and occasional wrecked buildings still lying as they fell. Of the boom the evidences consist mostly of "developments" which have signally failed to develop. In many cases there is nothing but a few streets aimlessly meandering across a sandy plain, with a couple of stone pillars rising as a gateway at the entrance to the tract. These "gateways to nowhere," as a friend of the Drifter calls them, reach their greatest absurdity at Coral Gables, a suburb of Miami, where two enormous and enormously expensive towers stand like lonely sentinels at either side of one of the roads leading into the place. Coral Gables was once a fine grapefruit farm and would better have remained so. Why anybody should want to live in this part of Florida unless near to water the Drifter cannot guess. Yet during the boom sanguine speculators laid out Coral Gables several miles from the ocean and erected a mammoth hotel there in which the Drifter would not care to live if the management gave him the bridal suite and six meals a day.

* * * * *

IN Palm Beach, if the Drifter had no estate of his own—and he hasn't—nothing but the plague or the police could induce him to live anywhere except in the Royal Poinciana Hotel. The Drifter doesn't know how old the Royal Poinciana is. It goes back to the days of frame hotels and has been added to from time to time until it now sprawls over a vast amount of space, seemingly stretching in its longest direction nearly a quarter of a mile. Once inside one has a hunt to find the office, and he needs a guide to conduct him from there to the dining-room. And that dining-room! It must be a hundred feet wide and three times that in length, with a stately fish-tail palm looming toward the lofty ceiling in each corner. And those carpets! Billows of carpets, oceans of carpets surge and roll over the floors of the Royal Poinciana. The hotel was built at a time when carpets, not rugs, were the vogue and when the luxury of a place was gauged by the spring and softness of the material on which one trod. Carpets have wisely been retained, of such depth that bottom has never been found in some places. A short distance away the owners of the Royal Poinciana have erected a modern hotel for those who prefer up-to-date swank to old furnishings and furniture, who would rather have modern equipment than atmosphere. The difference between the two hotels is well expressed in the floors, those in the new being made of hard tile, strewn with rugs.

* * * * *

IN every cabin of the steamship on which the Drifter lately voyaged to Florida was something which this world wanderer had never encountered before—a corkscrew made fast to the wall. And the ship was an American vessel plying between ports in a supposedly prohibition country! Oh, Mr. Mellon, Mr. Mellon!

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

Hughes and Ethics

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Charles Evans Hughes enjoys an extraordinary prestige in America both as a lawyer and as a citizen. He has recently come out in a weighty call to the bar to clean house. Shortly before he made his much-discussed speech on this subject he appeared before the Supreme Court as counsel for the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York City in the seven-cent-fare case.

Now if Mr. Hughes were only a lawyer or only a lawyer and a former Secretary of State it would have been his privilege under what passes for legal ethics to appear for this exceedingly unsocial corporation in behalf of a cause which will greatly limit public authority over what we rather humorously call "public" utilities. But there is more to the story. Mr. Hughes was Governor of New York in 1907 when the Public Service Commission was first established. His words and deeds have been quoted on both sides in this case. The city and State especially have gone back to the events of his administration in support of their contention that the creation of the public service commission was not intended to impair the city's contracts with the subway company. How much was made of this argument in the final appearance before the court, I do not know. I assume that legal proprieties, at least, were observed. But as a layman it seems to me a very shocking thing that Mr. Hughes should have appeared in this sort of case. Does it not do more to lower standards both for lawyers and citizens than the more obvious offenses of lesser men who for smaller fees chase ambulances? What is Mr. Hughes's defense?

New York, January 30 NORMAN THOMAS

Said Mr. Bryan to Mr. Borah

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been trying to sublimate a growing grouch on Senator Borah, especially over his performance in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, his brand of electioneering in the campaign, and his unnecessary straddle on the pact and the cruisers. Every time I approximate self-control, the Senator pirouettes into the limelight and gracefully does another split.

It is high time I cheered myself up by doing something petty. And now you have given me a chance by spreading on your cover that ringing quotation from Mr. Borah's speech at New Haven during the late crisis with Mexico: "God has made us neighbors. Let justice make us friends." Considering the method by which this country became a closer and closer neighbor in our exuberant expansionism, a heavy responsibility is thus placed upon the Deity; but I pass over that. This noble utterance has been repeated widely and has added to the Senator's prestige. Well, it is pretty good. But before it is credited to him in the almanacs and the dictionaries of quotable quotations, I hasten to state that Borah did not coin it. And so far as I can discover—the plea first rang out from the free and silver tongue of the Honorable William Jennings Bryan.

Wilton, Connecticut, January 12 DEVERE ALLEN

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The Color Line in Cuba

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Arnold Roller in his article Black Ivory and White Gold in Cuba is mistaken when he says: "No Cuban restaurant . . . would think of refusing them [Negroes] . . . service." In November, 1926, I was in Havana and purposely took two Negro passengers from my boat with me to eat in different restaurants. We were put out of two and told that we could not eat there because two of our crowd of four or five were Negroes.

New York, February 10 Edna Porter

A Correction

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of December 12, 1928, an article written by Anita Brenner under the caption Student Rebels in Latin America says that Diego Rivera, a well-known Mexican painter, is an active member of the APRA of Mexico. Having been a member of the Anti-Imperialist League of Mexico, and being acquainted with Rivera, I want to call your attention and that of your readers to the fact that Rivera is in no way connected with the APRA. Diego Rivera is general secretary of the Anti-Imperialist League of Mexico and editor of *El Libertador,* organ of the Continental Committee of the All-American Anti-Imperialist League which is opposed to the APRA, which was organized by Haya de la Torre, a Peruvian student who for certain fantastic and careeristic plans abandoned the struggle of the league. And now the APRA consists of a dozen Peruvian students and is not as widespread an organization as Anita Brenner represents.

Brooklyn, January 2, 1929 Arturo Gonzalez

One Scientist

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Being only a very obscure fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, any expression by me of approval of Professor Barnes's recent paper read before the New York meeting of the association would carry no weight whatsoever; nevertheless I do want to thank you for your fine editorial entitled Exit Sin in the current number of *The Nation* and to assure you that at least one member of the association does not hesitate to express his feeling of shame at the attitude taken by the officers of the association, both past and present, who have persistently given their religious beliefs precedence over the facts of science that conflicted with them, exactly as do the fundamentalists to whom they would not care to be likened.

Chicago, January 15 James F. Porter

ESSAY PRIZE

April 1, 1929, is the closing date for the receipt of the 3,600-words essay on the subject of "What Is Making for War with England?" in The Nation's *$150 prize competition. For full details of the competition see the issue of January 23 or address Prize Essay Editor,* The Nation. *The judges who will award this prize are, in addition to the Editors of* The Nation, *Professor Charles A. Beard, Willmott H. Lewis, Washington correspondent of the London* Times, *and Norman Thomas.*

Does Modern Society Need a New Notion of God?

Can Religion Survive Without God?

Will a Secular Religion Meet Man's Needs?

What is the Present Day Validity of the Ten Commandments?

How Would A Secular Religion Approach our Present Problems?

What New Problems Have We Which the Founders of Christianity Never Knew?

Can We Abolish the Notion of Sin?

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I can think of no book right now that is more worth pushing than Living in the Twentieth Century; it is timely and up to the minute and carries a bigger load than a fourteen inch gun. It is certain to be a success.

—*George A. Dorsey*
Author of Hows and Whys of Human Behavior

In Our Times Mark Sullivan describes the superficial ways in which we differ from the generation preceding ours. Professor Barnes investigates the scientific and philosophical causes of these changes. His book is of immeasurably greater value than Mr. Sullivan's widely read work.—*Buffalo Times*

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Books, Music, Films

Death Is the Citadel

By ANNE SINGLETON

Death is the citadel, the nearer ground
Morass and stones for stumbling, and the tale
Of our confusion, screams and wandering
Catcalls. But death is left us, shall prevail
At last upon delusion—eyes that fix
At last unwavering landscape, not the sport
Of seasons, not fantastical, born
Of the slant of sunshine, and the short
Day dead unmannerly. But eyes gone blind
To find now eyeless vision, and the ear,
Not deaf, pressed to the involute shell that's caught
The tune of silence. Death, not all the dear
Delirious clatter of our brain be worth
The arrogant stillness of the dusty tongue,
And bone, made lovelier than deep-sea pearl,
Careless in dust heaps, fellow of the dung.

This Week

Ghosts

THE patron of letters, throughout the ages in which he flourished, balanced his ill-effect upon the art he patronized with much that was good. He fed his ego with the sense of power which he drew from his beneficence and, as a natural corollary, he undoubtedly generated in his protege a mixed mood of resentment and subservience which must often have interfered with the finest art. But at least he offered support and encouragement to writers while they produced works of their own, works influenced by the need of pleasing the benefactor but, within the limits of his taste, the product of their own talents.

The patron has vanished—at least as an institution in the world of letters. The civilization that has grown up around the factory town and the trading center has neither space nor time for him or his protege. And the social attitudes which have emerged from this civilization tend both to raise and depress the status of the artist; he is on a plane of equality with the rest of the community, neither to be condescended to nor, on the other hand, to be cherished and endowed. Writers, in fact, are supposed to "make good" along with their contemporaries in other fields. If they can do so by producing works of art, so much the better for their souls; if they can break into the *Saturday Evening Post,* so much the better for their bodies; and if they can do neither, they may find lodging in a publicity bureau or an advertising agency.

Or, instead, the man or woman who hopes to live by the typewriter may take up ghost-writing. Surely no other age could have developed this profession in its present well-organized, calmly accepted state. For ghost-writing is another product of the democratic attitude and the industrial civilization which have well-nigh abolished the patron. Today every rich man and every public man overflows with a desire to figure also as a man of letters. He is more than a manufacturer or a merchant or a politician: he is Sir Oracle himself. He takes this function seriously and performs it with the dispatch and efficiency characteristic of his kind. In short, he hires a ghost-writer. Not that he lacks confidence in his own ability to express his ideas, but he does lack the desire to spend time and effort on what in his eyes is a rather menial business. He can pay money for the talent which enables a person to juggle words and phrases and make them come down in sentences. His mind is fixed on a simple problem of output—with the ultimate aim of producing income in the form of personal publicity. If any one wants to know what President Wagner of the Wagner Steel Products Corporation thinks about companionate marriage or the Einstein theory, who is he to disoblige? He summons his ghost—who may, however, be called his Public Relations Counsel—and instructs him to produce a suitable statement. Or if the moment seems ripe for a volume on the subject of "Raw Materials and National Security," or "My Way Up," his ghost repairs to the public library and puts it together. What is writing, after all, but a matter of getting the raw material, assembling it in a finished product, and then distributing it? That a book or even a magazine article carries with it a subtle implication of intellectual distinction that a steel product lacks is a whimsical accident of which President Wagner will be quick to take advantage.

Thus the profession of ghost-writing flourishes; an anonymous occupation but not ill-paid as "intellectual" jobs go, and useful to many a writer as a temporary stop-gap or to provide the means wherewith to lay off and do some work of his own. But at best it offers a rather arduous and unsatisfactory substitute for the bounty supplied by the old-fashioned patron of letters who was willing to bask in the glory reflected by his protege.

Ghost-writing is not yet such a large-scale industry that it has colored noticeably the literature of the day. Most books still appear under the name of the author; but the number of "ghost books" is undoubtedly increasing. They bear neither the stamp of the mind which conceived them nor of the talent that produced them; consequently, however adequately put together, they amount to nothing. They might be dismissed as of no earthly importance were it not that they indicate an absurd willingness on the part of publishers and the public to cater to the hunger for publicity of all sorts of prominent citizens.

I see no reason, if this hunger continues to grow, why the opportunities for talented ghosts should not multiply. Why should we not have ghost-musicians and ghost-sculptors as well as ghost-writers? The happy day will undoubtedly come when President Wagner, gazing out of his library window at a sunset shining through the smoke from his factory chimneys will call in his ghost-painter and remark modestly: "It's time I was having something hung, Turner; suppose you just paint that little sunset for me, will you? And sign my name in full."

FREDA KIRCHWEY

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Physics and Theology

The Nature of the Physical World. By A. S. Eddington. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

PROFESSOR EDDINGTON is unquestionably the most delightful of all the writers on physics at the present time, and his qualities are shown almost equally in his popular writings and in his technical mathematics. As a theoretical physicist he has a rare clarity and systematic comprehensiveness which is probably the basis of his extraordinary skill as a popularizer. He is a past master of the art of humorous illustration; take as an example what he says in his chapter on the definition of reality. "Reality," he says, is generally used with the intention of evoking sentiment and is a grand word for a peroration; of such a peroration he proceeds to give an imaginary example: "The right honorable speaker went on to declare that the concord and amity for which he had unceasingly striven had now become a reality [loud cheers]." He goes on to remark: "The conception which it is so troublesome to apprehend is not 'reality' but 'reality [loud cheers]'." I do not know how an important point could have been put more convincingly or more amusingly. Three-quarters of his course of Gifford lectures is occupied with a popular exposition of the leading ideas of modern physics, while the last quarter is concerned with adapting these ideas to theology. The first three-quarters is wholly admirable, but as to the last quarter opinions will be divided according to the prejudices which the reader brings to bear.

The last few chapters, which are those of most interest to the general reader, are devoted to the exposition of an idealist philosophy and the advocacy of free will. These two points are not necessarily connected; let us take first the idealist philosophy. Professor Eddington is very well aware how little physics tells us about the physical world, but being no psychologist he somewhat exaggerates what psychology can tell us about the mental world. He believes that we have direct self-knowledge, a view which has been widely held, but which cannot, I think, survive a scrutiny of what is meant by "knowledge." I am prepared to admit that we are nearer to knowing about our own minds than about anything else, because the causal chain from an event to my knowledge of it is shorter when it is in my own brain than when it is anywhere else; but there is still a causal chain, and the knowledge is still a separate event only causally connected with what is known. Professor Eddington disagrees with neutral monism, and holds instead to the doctrine of "mind-stuff," although he is careful to explain that this need not be either mind or stuff. I disagree with this doctrine, because I hold that mentality is a form of organization, not a property of individual events, just as, say, democracy is a property of a community and not of an individual citizen. Lack of space, however, forbids me to develop this theme.

We come now to the question of free will. So far as physics is concerned, it seems that the acts of individual atoms can no longer be regarded as rigidly determined by physical laws, but what is so determined is the action of large aggregates. And here the matter is only one of probability, not a demonstrative certainty. I do not mean by this merely that our knowledge is only probable; I mean that it is knowledge *of* a probability, like the knowledge that continued shuffling will not bring the pack of cards back into its original order. Now, as Eddington rightly points out, indeterminateness in the doings of individual atoms is not enough to give any valuable kind of free will. When we speak, for example, a great many atoms are involved in the motions of throat, tongue, and lips. Therefore, if the doings of large aggregates of atoms are always subject to law, all that we say is determined in spite of the indeterminateness of minute phenomena.

Eddington holds, however, that mind can undo the statistical and merely probable laws which control large aggregates of atoms, and that, therefore, the visible movements of our bodies are not necessarily mechanically determined. I do not know of any reason either to believe or to disbelieve this, though I think it probable that reasons for belief or disbelief will be known before long. Eddington's idea seems to be that mind can exercise a selective action, which interferes with the laws of chance as, for example, in the case of a pack of cards which we deliberately rearrange. The fact that the laws of physics, in so far as they concern large aggregates, are only probable laws, has, of course, many great advantages from this point of view, for a probability can always be altered by the introduction of a new factor. But although this action of mind is a possibility, it cannot be said that there is any positive evidence in its favor; it is as yet merely an hypothesis to be considered.

I do not know whether Eddington thinks that mind can in any degree act contrary to the second law of thermodynamics, but I rather gather that he does not think so, for he says that this law makes the distinction between past and future, so that if mind could undo it, it would make time run backwards. He seems to accept with equanimity the view, which follows from this law, that the world is running down and must in the end cease to contain anything interesting. He has apparently a God, but his God seems to have made the world long ago and forgotten all about it. He is like a man who presents a city with an excellent free library and then allows everybody to take books out without any rule as to their return, or as to their being put in their right places if they are returned, so that before very long the library becomes unusable. It requires a certain robustness to be optimistic on the basis of such a philosophy; but I suspect that Eddington has secret beliefs in reserve which he has not set forth in these lectures. In this respect, however, we are, no doubt, all alike.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Farm Novel

Joseph and His Brethren. By H. W. Freeman. With a Preface by R. H. Mottram. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

IN America, rural fiction is generally inspired by a feeling which can be most compendiously described as resentment, but the imagination of your Englishman or your Frenchman returns with a persistent affection to the contemplation of the farm. He is not necessarily romantic in any obvious sense and he does not always incline in the direction of pastoral prettification. Indeed the facts as he records them are not very different from those upon which the American insists, for both are likely to stress the narrow monotony of the routine and that terrible power which tilled land possesses of enslaving those who believe that they own it. But he perceives or seems to perceive certain compensations. He respects the peasant and he postulates for him an emotional life of his own—a stubborn, inarticulate joy; a persistent, half-unconscious, almost animal participation in natural processes; something which the urban dweller has lost and something for which, perhaps, neither the amusements of the average man nor the contemplation of the artist is an adequate compensation. This nostalgia for a simpler existence is, even in Hardy, at least as conspicuous as those aspects of his temperament which have been more often described and it generates the mood which constitutes the most distinguishing feature of the English tradition of the rural novel. The American, writing usually from the memories of

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his childhood, feels bitter when he thinks that he and his parents did not get away sooner from this way of life. The Englishman seems almost wistfully to wonder if he could ever get back.

In "Joseph and His Brethren" H. W. Freeman undertakes to set forth the history of a farm and its inhabitants "As truth will paint it and as Bards will not." He tells how a grim man with his four sons took charge of certain unpromising fields and how by living only for these fields they made them flourish. His book begins with the death of a worn-out wife and it rather emphasizes than conceals the fact that the living persons are possessed, enslaved, and used up by the farm which will not spare them an hour to themselves. And yet none of those who give themselves to it ever wants to take himself back. No more than once in a lifetime does any of them fancy that he could be happy anywhere else or need to spend more than one night away to realize that he wants to go back. All have identified themselves with it and become incapable of having a desire or a hope not connected with the undertaking which has become all of life for them.

Mr. Freeman is an objective story-teller who announces no thesis and interjects no philosophical comments, but this persistence of an affection in characters who might seem to an outsider to be helpless victims is the central fact of his novel which seems written out of a desire to sense and to communicate the meaning of this deep and loyal love. Perhaps another would see in the phenomenon nothing more meaningful than the effect of habit. Most of our own Middle Western novelists would interpret it as the result of that same sort of deadening routine which makes the horse that has once ground corn continue to walk circles in his pasture; and I am not myself sure that they would not be right. But to Mr. Freeman it means more than that; it means that those who "belong to the soil" belong to it in some fashion which is not slavery; that they do not differ from townsfolk merely because they work more and know less but also because they have, in their intimate relation with nature, a source of joy unknown and inaccessible to others.

"Joseph and His Brethren" reveals unusual narrative skill and there are few if any new novelists who write with a greater mastery of the form which they have chosen than Mr. Freeman does. Yet his novel (which has been very highly praised) is not strikingly original in theme or substance. It is admirably executed, but it is very much in a current tradition.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Intellectualism in Vacuo

The Philosophy of Spinoza. By Richard McKeon. Longmans, Green and Company. $5.

The Correspondence of Spinoza. Translated and edited with Introduction and Annotations by A. Wolf. The Dial Press. $5.

DR. McKEON'S book is a typical product of the schools. It is solid, profound, scholarly. It contains an exhaustive bibliography, a subject index, and an index of proper names; there are no pages without footnotes, and one of the pages, at least, contains thirteen of them. These are not merely superficial appendages but manifestations of an attitude or a type of mind which detaches men's thinking from the dramatic matrix in which it is always found imbedded, to consider it in vacuo. This type of mind seems unable to deal with the anxieties and incertitudes of human existence, to meet which the systematic philosopher's thought, as well as the layman's, arises. For it, a man's attempt to liberate himself from his age is nothing else than a system—to be compared with other systems and classified. Whether this system is pertinent to man's life, because it is a theoretical analysis of human experience, is a question apparently of no importance. Philosophy is for this type of mind a study of pure ideas; a humanistic approach to it is shallow and naive.

It happens, however, that though there are many philosophers of lesser rank who lend themselves generously to this approach, because they were essentially system builders in the hot-houses of the schools, the truly significant thinkers in the history of the race are not among them. Certainly not Spinoza, for whom the major concern was not logical unity of thought—as Dr. McKeon insinuates in his last chapter, and implies in his treatment throughout—but intensity of purpose addressed immediately and explicitly to the problem of solving his relations to the turmoils of his own age.

Dr. McKeon's method sacrifices Spinoza to a deity he worshiped only incidentally. Technical questions, which according to our critic seem to have been Spinoza's primary concern, were really of interest to him, as they are in varying degrees to everybody else, because he wished to avoid absurd inconsistencies. Such questions must be faced and mastered, for otherwise our understanding of the philosopher's thought remains superficial. For this reason Dr. McKeon's chapter on God and the Universe, though it does not quite reach into the foundations of Spinoza's rationalistic logic, is useful in the highest degree. But in Spinoza these matters must yield the place of first importance to an elucidation of his affective concern, which gave rise to his thought and meaning to his life. Now that concern was to cut the knot of some fundamental difficulties which arose when he considered his place in the purposeless scheme of nature—he, Spinoza, a Jew, bound to natural and social laws, yet in need of freedom if he was to live a rational life. To make clear then how he attempted to solve the problems arising from these conflicts, problems which had for him social and political as well as philosophic implications, must be the first business of a critic who entitles his book "The Philosophy of Spinoza." Unless he elucidates these questions he should with befitting humility call his book "Academic Problems in Spinoza's Philosophy," or a similar title.

One would expect that a treatise on a thinker of Spinoza's rank would also deal with his importance to us, the men of today. For otherwise we study him not as philosopher—a man who has something to say on wisdom to all ages—but as an incident in the history of philosophy. Many aspects of Spinoza's thought are of interest to us moderns. For us, content, or perhaps resigned to relative opinion based on empirical data, Spinoza's profound faith in reason's ability to think itself out of the most difficult problems into some kind of serene certainty and cheerfulness, is something incomprehensible. Yet this was Spinoza's single aim, to lift himself bodily out of his day. For he was not only fighting the past, in active solution in his own day, but the future as well, since the scientific thinkers of the time still bowed to revelation while they believed, paradoxically enough, in the empirical method. But Spinoza was unwilling on the one hand to make his method a handmaiden of revelation; while on the other he could not allow the experimentalist to dictate to reason. He was a rationalist whose naturalism was fringed with mystic piety. Today we neither believe in reason nor in revelation. And we are rapidly losing our faith in science. And though, for us, the only possible certitude is that nothing is certain, we are indifferent to incertitude, when we do not welcome it, like the pragmatist, as an expectation pregnant with romantic possibilities. One of our interests in Spinoza therefore lies in the contrast between his mind and ours.

Still another side of the man which interests us is his devotion to the cause of freedom in every one of its aspects. Freedom was for him one of the formal conditions of the life

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of reason and hence of fundamental importance. But his interest in it went beyond logic. He was one of those transcendental anarchists, whose submission to the laws of the many is due primarily to the fact that these are sanctioned by force. The obedience which he counsels as the first condition of rationality had its implicit reservations. And he certainly stands out, in this respect, far above the conformism of all of his contemporaries who, like Descartes or Oldenburg, were satisfied with the cheapest counterfeit of freedom.

Students of Spinoza already owe Professor A. Wolf a great debt of gratitude for his labors as translator and editor. They must thank him now for making available in English his complete correspondence and for his pertinent introduction and annotations. The work was urgently needed.

ELISEO VIVAS

China

China's Millions. By Anna Louise Strong. Coward-McCann. $4.

The Soul of China. By Richard Wilhelm. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.75.

RICHARD WILHELM went to China before the Boxer uprising and stayed for a quarter of a century. He became intimate with retired princes and Taoist priests; he steeped himself in Chinese philosophy and occultism; he emerged with a profound respect for Chinese tradition and character. Anna Louise Strong went to China in the excited summer of 1927, hurried upriver to Hankow when most foreigners were fleeing downstream, talked with Borodin, the Russian adviser of the radical Wuhan Government, traveled into Hunan, where the peasant unions were reported to be on a murderous rampage; then, when Borodin and the Russians had to leave, she traveled with them, by automobile, across northwest China and Mongolia. In "China's Millions" she tells her story; in "The Soul of China" Richard Wilhelm tells his; and the two books curiously supplement each other.

Anna Louise Strong is a journalist; Wilhelm is a philosopher. Miss Strong had lived in Russia; Wilhelm is a West European. To Miss Strong the Chinese ferment of 1927 was akin to the 1905 revolution in Russia; Wilhelm sees it as a stage in the coming of the machine age to China. And he declares that just when it was to be China's "last and fearful fate to sell herself body and soul to mechanical civilization, the terrible spectacle of the collapse of this civilization occurred." The moral prestige of Europe succumbed in the World War. "The means of culture remained—technology is at its full height even today—whereas the soul of that culture received a mortal wound."

Well, perhaps. I hope so. But perhaps, too, the moral arrogance of pre-war Europe merely crossed the Atlantic and made itself at home in America. And while Asia has a new faith in her ultimate ability to throw off the yoke of the West she intends to do it with Western weapons. That "soul of Asia" of which so many writers speak—just what is it other than the medieval soul which the machine has annihilated in Europe? Wilhelm himself is not sure. Where machine civilization appears, he says, all native cultures disappear; it annihilates the old cultures as surely as the wandering brown rat exterminates the lesser breeds wherever it goes. The factory city pulls the individual out of the patriarchal family, and atomizes the society that was China; and China will never again be what it was when Wilhelm sat sipping tea with Taoist monks.

"The Soul of China" is a mellow book. Wilhelm's understanding of China seems unfailing. Yet he misses things which Miss Strong saw. Indeed, she saw things which no other Western writer has seen. Hers is a totally different book on China; no other book so vividly pictures the tragically ardent and gloriously young women of new China, or tells the story of the peasant and worker support of the Nationalist movement from inside. Her report of the days of the "People's Power" in Hunan, and of the reaction that followed it, is an important and unique document. "Not all Communists need be killed," the new secretary of the Kuomintang told her. "They must be investigated. Most of those who were leaders in peasants' or workers' unions are to be killed. . . ."

They have been killed. While Miss Strong was in Hankow, the labor organizations were crumbling. Chiang Kai-shek at Nanking was allying himself with the bankers of Shanghai and with the business men who feared the unions; Tang Seng-chi's generals in Hunan, of the gentry class themselves, were hunting peasant leaders through the hills. At Nanking the moderate Nationalists, in collaboration with Chinese business men whose welfare depended upon friendly relations with Western Europe and America, built up a new government. Miss Strong left Hunan convinced that "no peasant revolution in history [had] organized so quickly and with such discipline" as that which she had seen, and that such peasants and workers would "carry their country out of the Middle Ages into the modern world."

Maybe. Certainly Marx was wrong; revolution comes most easily in the countries where the machine is new and industrial organization incomplete. But there are mighty differences between Russia and China. Possibly the outcome will depend upon the attitude of the West. The Russian doctrine in China spreads when the Western Powers supply evidence to prove its thesis.

LEWIS S. GANNETT

Books in Brief

A History of the Presidency from 1788 to 1897. By Edward Stanwood. New Edition revised by Charles K. Bolton. Houghton Mifflin Company.

A History of the Presidency from 1897 to 1916. By Edward Stanwood. New Edition with additions and revisions to 1928 by Charles K. Bolton. Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.

These two volumes, with what appear to be rather needless differences of title, are the latest revision and continuation of the well-known work first published as a "History of Presidential Elections," and later brought down by the author, with a change of title to "A History of the Presidency" and an enlargement to two volumes, through the election of 1912 and to the beginning of the election of 1916. Mr. Bolton has corrected a few errors that had crept into the original texts, and has added the important party platforms to and including those of the present year and the figures of popular and electoral votes. He has not thought it worth while, however, to offer narrative accounts of the later campaigns such as Stanwood prepared, but has contented himself with brief summary statements, all of which, together with the platforms, are thrown into a lengthy appendix. The volumes will, of course, replace all of the earlier editions and continue to serve as an indispensable and authoritative book of reference, but it nevertheless seems a pity that narrative chapters comparable to those of Stanwood could not also have been provided.

American Diplomacy in the Modern World. By Arthur Bullard. With a Foreword by Roland S. Morris. University of Pennsylvania Press. $1.50.

Mr. Bullard has been too much of a student and has seen too much of the world to accept traditions and conventions at their face value, and it is possible that the university audience

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which heard these lectures may have been a little startled at the frankness with which he calls things by their right names. The lectures are a plea for peace, a defense of the League of Nations, and a sharp criticism of the American habit of protesting its love of peace and its disinterestedness while it intervenes in Latin America at the instigation of other nations and calls its action a defense of the Monroe Doctrine or something else equally sacred and obscure. Mr. Bullard insists upon regarding the League as a useful mechanism rather than as the embodiment of idealistic notions of what the world ought to be, and his argument for peace seems to reduce itself to the proposition that war does not pay and hence should be avoided in order not to disturb the national balance-sheet. Along with other pro-Leaguers, he finds "no little comfort and considerable amusement in watching the gradual retreat of the Old Guard of Isolationists," and looks forward, apparently with some confidence, to the time when Geneva shall kill the fatted calf to welcome the American prodigal.

The New Morality. By Durant Drake. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Although Mr. Drake is professor of philosophy at Vassar College it is not primarily a philosophy which he has written but a book about ethics as a social science. Rejecting the Kantian categories and all the metaphysical claptrap that goes with them, Mr. Drake sets out boldly in search of a modern moral system "which, basing itself solidly upon the observation of the results of conduct, consciously aims to secure the maximum of attainable happiness for mankind." While giving due credit to Freud he does not forget that most social problems have their roots in economic organization. His treatment is popular but thorough.

Science and Good Behavior. By J. M. Parshley. Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

It is fitting that Professor Parshley should be a colleague of the idol-smashing Harry Elmer Barnes at Smith College. Perhaps because Mr. Parshley is a zoologist he brings to the discussion of morality a refreshing bluntness and originality which the standard works on the subject rarely possess. Declaring that a definite war exists between religion and science he asserts the responsibility of science to supplant the Sunday school and develop a moral code free from superstition. He tells in an easy, readable style what a thoroughly modern scientist thinks about sex, alcohol, and the things which have too often been consigned to the judgment of preachers.

The Ardent Eighties. By Gregory Weinstein. The International Press. $2.50.

Gregory Weinstein was one of the multitude that made up the Jewish emigration out of Russia in the eighties, he himself coming from Vilna and stealing over the boundary in Germany. He has set forth in this volume his experiences in the New World, in which he was a journeyman printer, a reporter on a German-American paper, a compositor in a French printery, on Norman Monroe's *Family Story Paper,* on the *Single Tax Leader,* etc. It was his good fortune to be brought into contact with some of the most interesting and worth-while people in New York, such as Michael Heilprin, so long a valued contributor to *The Nation;* Stanton Coit, Lillian Wald, Hamilton Holt, Felix Adler, and many others to whom he pays deserved tributes in this book. As a human document it is not without interest, though the volume is slight. At least it proves again how well the melting-pot worked in the case of this great immigration to which we owe so much of the idealism and intellectual striving within the boundaries of the New York City of today. Mr. Weinstein's own devotion to civic efforts in the cause of good government is not adequately touched upon in this volume because of his modesty.

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Art

Modern Russian Art

IT is probable that after the French Revolution, its exponents and opponents alike, seeing the changed form of government, expected everything else that came from France to be equally different from that which had come before. Certainly that is what we expect from Russia, but at least in the arts of painting and sculpture that is what we do not find. After all, a revolution is not a beginning as much as a culmination. Consequently it is probable that the thinking done before the revolution in Russia had a closer relation to its causes than the thinking being done now. But in painting and sculpture, Russia before the revolution was one of those countries which followed the leader, the leader in recent years being France. So one finds nothing in the works assembled at the Grand Central Palace in New York* with which in principle we are not already familiar. In confirmation let me say that one of the most radical paintings was done by a M. S. Saryan in 1915. But we do find some delightful talents and a national accent. The prevailing spirit of the paintings might be said to be a sort of childish happiness, not as high pitched as gaiety, but a simple-minded, sunny mood which is a welcome contrast to that lugubriousness which hangs over most national shows like a prayer-meeting.

The individual talents, as far as one can judge from the necessarily few examples of each person, are not as strong as those of France or our own country. I should say that the art of Burchfield or Hopper, with its ability to worship truth and to give style to its bitterest moments, was nearer to the causes of the revolution than is the art of Russia as we see it today. Nor is there anything comparable in certainty, taste, intelligence, or poetry to a dozen names that have been developed in France.

To an extent Russian art has been led into expressing the obvious effect of the revolution, the ascendancy of the worker. And this has accented its tendency to be graphic rather than plastic. But within this limit one can mention a number of artists who are enjoyable. There is Nathan Altman, a versatile and apparently very tactful person, who puts forward his own point of view without obviously displacing anyone else's. His posters are especially notable. There is the girl, Ekaterina Zernova, who is delighted with the new freedom of the life going on around her. She plainly paints to tell a story, since each of her objects, an accordion, a farmer's cart, a battleship, a fish-stall, is arranged with an easily recognized reference, but it is a story told with the directness and delicacy of childhood. Certain rather diluted pieces of modernism such as Deyneka's "Two Women" or Kravchenko's "Harvest" captivate by their diffidence, and by the regard their authors show for the principles rather than the aspects of modern painting.

It is quite the contrary with Russian sculpture. Here one must be plastic to succeed, and the pieces at the Palace are about as much so as the goddesses on the New York Custom House. An exception is the ceramist Efimov, whose clear glazes, especially in blue and white, and whose modeling witness a real artist.

In addition, a good part of the exhibit is devoted to what are pleasantly called peasant handicrafts. We, in our distance, think romantically of the peasant as taking time after his labor to carve his soul into some implement or image. In reality most of the work is done in families or guilds who husband the tradition of several generations and who work for the trade. Nothing would shock these craftsmen more than to be called peasants. The pieces shown are not particularly good. The designs are not only becoming stale, they are being exploited for the benefit of the foreign enthusiast. There are exceptions such as the linens, and especially the ravishing boxes made by the artists who formerly made the icons.

WALTER GUTMAN

* Russian Art and Handicraft Exposition.

Films

The "Talkies"

IT is a sad reflection on the limitations of intellectuals and artists all over the world to see history repeat itself in the contemptuous resentment with which they are greeting the arrival of the talking picture. Just as twenty years ago when the silent movies began to stir the world, so today the patrons of art and the theater refuse to see in the talking picture anything but another vulgar product of our machine civilization. But so, too, does history repeat itself in the eagerness of the commercially minded not to miss their share in the windfall of the talking picture, however little they may understand the problems which arise from the use of the new medium, or be able to see where to look for their solution. Thus between the incompetence of the commercial entertainer and the superior self-righteousness of the intellectual, the talking picture is apparently doomed to grope blindly for several years before it reaches anything that may be properly described as an original form of drama. That it will reach this goal eventually does not seem to me in the least doubtful.

In the meantime let us consider the prospects of the talking picture. So far its greatest successes have been scored in a field which does not quite come under the definition of "talking." Pictures like "The Singing Fool" or "My Man" are really "song pictures." The fact, however, that they succeed in conveying their appeal to the audience is vastly significant. Lacking as they are in color and depth, they still capture something of the personality of the artist. No doubt Al Jolson and Fannie Brice are more intimately felt and radiate more genuine warmth when one sees them on the stage. At the same time even on the screen they are unmistakably their peculiar and likable selves. The loudspeaker, though still very imperfect, serves them much more loyally than it does the "talking" actors, since singing reproduces better than speech.

With the inevitable technical improvement in the production of human voice and in the effects of color and stereoscopic depth, the song picture of today will naturally expand into a full-blown musical comedy. So long as this *genre* of entertainment rests its appeal on the singing of popular stars and the gyrations of pretty chorus girls, the screen musical comedy will be able to depart little from the orthodox methods of the stage. In this respect it is in the same boat as the screen drama which would also take the stage for its model. For it has been laid down by our aestheticians that in copying the stage the talking picture would lose all claim to be regarded as a medium of art. Though why should it? A perfect copy is obviously as good as the original, and it is absurd to claim that no reproduction can be perfect. Besides, in the case of the talking picture one does not so much copy an original stage production as imitate the stage form—which, if a sin, is certainly not a cardinal one.

At present the trouble with the talking picture is to be found less in its attempts to imitate the stage than in its numerous technical imperfections. It is safe to predict that within the next ten years these will be removed. And it is only

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then that the real aesthetic problem of the talking picture will become apparent. The ability to give a perfect imitation of the stage or to create a new and completely original dramatic form means nothing unless it is inspired by the genuine spirit of art. It is here that one becomes seriously alarmed. In the coming fight between Hollywood and Broadway it is ten to one that the former will be victorious. But if the defeat of the Broadway journeymen can hardly be regarded as a great loss to art, the victory of the Hollywood robots will undoubtedly endanger the future of drama on the stage as well as on the screen. The talking picture is merely a mechanized tool; but the Hollywood manufacturers of films represent mechanized brains, and what this means to art we have already learned from the experience of the silent movies.

In this rather dismal picture of the future there are two important factors which have yet to be taken account of, and which are likely to counteract if not completely overcome the influence of Hollywood. The first of these is the remarkable growth in volume and quality of amateur production together with the rapid spread of little cinema houses. Before many years are past these developments will seize the artistic leadership in the movies and will force Hollywood to accept their superior standards. The second factor is the inevitable evolution of the talking picture in accordance with the laws of its own nature. This undoubtedly will exercise a far-reaching influence on Hollywood methods. When the talking-picture mechanism is made perfect the really important development will be along lines which are already beginning to reveal themselves and which will definitely direct the talking picture away from the stage and toward a new, authentic motion-picture drama.

This evolution is inevitable. It is dictated by the inner logic of the medium. Analogies between the stage and the screen assume that they deal with the same material. But they don't. The material of the screen is not actual objects but images fixed on the film. And the very fact that they have their being on the film endows these images with properties which are never found in actual objects. For instance, on the stage the actor moves in real space and time. He cannot even cross the room without performing a definite number of movements. On the screen an action may be shown only in its terminal points with all its intervening moments left out. Similarly, in watching a performance on the stage the spectator is governed by the actual conditions of space and time. Not so in the case of the movie spectator. Thanks to the moving camera he is able to view the scene from all kinds of angles, leaping from a long-distance view to a close-range inspection of every detail. It is obvious that with this extraordinary power of handling space and time—by elimination and emphasis, according to its dramatic needs—the motion picture can never be content with modeling itself after the stage. The fact that it has now acquired the power of speech will certainly not make it any more willing to sacrifice its freedom and individuality. Nor is there any need for such a sacrifice. Dialogue can be concentrated—reduced to a number of essential statements—as effectively as action, just as it is done now in the dialogue titles of silent pictures. Then, the talking picture will also develop the specifically cinematic method of "close up." It will be able to focus an individual utterance, and at the same time put out of focus all the other voices—a procedure unquestionably in advance of the method of the "realistic" stage which, in order that certain characters may be heard, enforces a most unrealistic silence among all the other characters. And such being its technique, the spoken drama of the screen will obviously and inevitably develop into something original and non-stagy—something that will be instinct with the dynamic spirit of the movies.

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International Relations Section

Latin America and Mr. Hoover

Arranged by ANITA BRENNER

"MY hope, my object, and my wish," the New York *Prensa* quotes from Hoover's announcement of his Latin-American trip, "is that a better understanding with a greater knowledge of our sister republics of Spanish America, and personal contact with the men who govern it, will prepare me to carry out better the task that confronts me. And a large part of this task lies in cooperation with other nations for world-wide progress and prosperity."

The *Prensa* comments by printing a photograph of cannon on the Maryland, in which the first half of the trip was made. That is one way of saying without words what much of Latin America thinks—in fact, what all of Latin America thinks. Argentina put the query which all the other countries were too polite—so they said—to ask, inquiring in what capacity the President-elect of the United States was traveling. And Hoover answered what he did, but the press is still translating what "good-will" means in Washington.

Los Quijotes, a Porto Rican magazine, prints a question mark in lieu of a portrait of the distinguished envoy and captions it briefly: "Mr. Herbert Hoover, as he is seen by World Powers and most particularly by the peoples of Latin America. Will this question mark disappear when, having reviewed the nations of Central and South America, he tells his people what he saw and heard?"

"The Latin-American republics have been consulted in advance whether the visit of the President-elect of the United States will be agreeable to them . . .," says the Mexican *Democrata Sinaloense;* "officially, they have answered as was to be expected, favorably, but the truth is that doubt and mistrust are expressed already by several anti-imperialist societies and leagues . . . due without a doubt to the American attitude toward unfortunate Nicaragua. This is the reason, also, why the Mexican Chamber of Deputies did not congratulate Hoover on his election, since he is pointed out as one of the most influential in sending the forces of occupation to our sister republic. . . . Whether he is or is not a partisan of imperialism, we consider the charge premature and hold it reasonable to believe that his contact with the oppressed nations will undoubtedly be useful to him and enable him to judge personally and at close quarters the wave of hatred the Government of the United States has created . . . and perhaps this cold reality may cause the President-elect to meditate and inspire him with the deep necessity of a radical change of policy. . . ."

The Cuban weekly *Carteles* suggests that the Hoover trip is obviously of "transcendental importance. . . . The United States is in a position where . . . it must keep the markets open . . . it faces the Powers of the Old World as a dangerous competitor . . . it needs political rapprochement with all of Spanish America . . . to date achieved in only a small part. And this—as Europe has clearly perceived—is what it is hoped to obtain . . . by sending first Mr. Hughes and now Mr. Hoover."

"We lack sufficient antecedents to judge Mr. Hoover's intentions," says *El Mundo,* leading Cuban daily. "His trip produces uncertainty, shifts our thought, and stimulates speculation. . . . We are not skeptical or casting undue shadows before Mr. Hoover . . . but to acquire information an official journey with an escort of cruisers and a program of festivities seems hardly a good choice. . . . It might be taken as a courtesy . . . as a gesture of pure friendliness, in which singular case Cuba, in advance, appreciates it. . . ."

The Mexican press almost unanimously scouts the idea that Mr. Hoover will acquire much information, and supposes that the gesture—but by no means a "pure" one—is the thing. Fígaro, leading columnist, writes tartly to the *Nacion:* "As an excursion and fishing-trip Mr. Hoover's trip looks wonderful . . . to him at least. Spanish America is too large to be known and studied in four weeks, like Florida and Maine. Until Americans study our psychology, all such attitudes will produce the reverse effect . . . as witness Mr. Coolidge's speech in Havana."

The Cuban *El Mundo* shortly thereafter reports a move in the American Congress to raise the tariffs, and adds: "Latin America is convinced that American lawmakers are rather champions of industrial interests than representatives of their people. It is a sad fact, but to be taken much into consideration in any view of the future. . . . Difficulties with Argentina and Cuba arise at the very moment when the President-elect of the United States in a show undoubtedly sentimental starts touring the republics, with the worthy object of studying on the ground the needs of this part of the world. . . ."

Later, *El Mundo* says: "While President-elect Hoover sails through Pacific waters, flying the banner of friendliness, the Congress of his country . . . is preparing to raise the tariff on our sugar. . . ."

El Mundo finally concludes that Mr. Hoover is "a glorified traveling salesman," and the Madrid *Sol* agrees, urges a commercial rapprochement with Spain, and says: "Neither Mr. Hoover from the towers of his battleship nor the English minister with his intended air-trip can be a substitute for the legion of commercial agents . . . that Spain . . . has spread over the vast countries of America."

So much for our nearest neighbors. When Hoover was actually steaming toward the Caribbean, the *Nacion* of Buenos Aires suggested: "If the beginning of Mr. Hoover's tour—he lands on Nicaraguan soil tomorrow—offers the President-elect an occasion to proclaim his respect for the sovereignty of the Caribbean countries, his good-will trip will have begun well."

During Hoover's stay in Nicaragua, ex-President Martinez and a group of native liberals presented him with a manifesto in which they said: "The elections have solved no political problem . . . it is a change of one party for another in power; but at bottom the defeated party will not abide by its defeat and easily turns dissatisfaction into disturbances. General Sandino will not lay down his arms while foreign troops stay on our soil. A new and strange element has been wedged into our administrative machinery, and the only result—because of ignorance of our laws, our traditions, and our national characteristics—is the development among the people of a silent but profound and formidable hate which spreads with emigration to all the countries where our citizens become acquainted with the unjustifiable and cruel methods of the North American officials."

This liberal opinion coincides with the statement of the frankly hostile Central American and Mexican *Indoamerica,* though the tone differs. *Indoamerica,* an anti-imperialist magazine, calls Hoover the "continuator of Coolidge," and says: "Mr. Hoover, who has already made known the policy which will guide him . . . cannot promise us . . . anything but the cynical brigandage we witness daily in Nicaragua, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Panama, and Cuba, all of which countries have been virtually absorbed by imperialism without the slightest protest from the great nations—in the face of the Monroe Doctrine—and without the smallest gesture from the Latin-

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American countries not yet absorbed, which cannot see, as we do, in the fate of the weaker nations the fate of all Indo-America. . . ."

Sandino himself writes at length to Latin-American Presidents upon the matter, and says in his letter to the President of Brazil:

"Perhaps your excellency imagines that the American government wants to conquer Nicaragua only? Perhaps your excellency overlooks that of the twenty-one Ibero-American republics six have already lost their sovereignty? Panama, Costa Rica, Haiti, Cuba, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua are the six unhappy republics which have lost their independence and have become colonies of the Yankees."

"For a long time," says the *Diario del Salvador,* "relations between the United States and Central America have been unfriendly, diplomatic notes to the contrary. In these countries . . . deep resentment and mistrust have been awakened because of the method of the White House in dealing with our internal problems. . . . Every time there is an armed struggle, at the hour of intervention, continental interests come second . . . even those of the disturbed region . . . and the interests of the United States, its government, and its banks, come first. . . ."

The *Confederacion Obrera,* of Guayaquil in Ecuador, says: "The Yankee boot will plant itself today on the backs of the Latin Americans. . . . All the spinal columns of the bourgeoisie of Ecuador . . . will form a footpath. . . . The ambassador of the Federal Union of Bosses (U.S.A.) visits its serfs . . . the big boss himself . . . will distribute smiles to his vassals and rent the country by making a loan. . . ."

Peru is discreetly silent, except for the liberal *Amauta,* which considers Mr. Hoover's trip another mark of imperialism. Colombia is extremely voluble, for Colombia now is drowning in coffee and choking on bananas and beginning to sizzle in oil.

"We have never believed," says *El Tiempo* of Bogota, in the practical results of official visits. Mr. Hoover will see everywhere cities arrayed in flags, and he will be dragged from feast to feast. . . . From the Rio Grande to the Straits of Magellan it will be one explosion of love for the government of the White House. He will return to Washington content, but ignorant of our problems and of the real state of mind of these countries which, in the majority of cases, have nothing to do with their governments. . . ."

El Tiempo queries if it is true that the vice-consul in the strike center of Santa Marta, Colombia, asked for naval intervention to help the United Fruit Company save its bananas. It also says: "President Hoover's visit would be received in Colombia with sincere courtesy. Anything else would be grotesque and censurable. But from that to the statement that this Presidential tour will produce enthusiasm in our people is a chasm not to be bridged by saccharine diplomacy. . . ."

Though Hoover did not visit Colombia, press comment continues to speculate on what would have happened if he had, and Victor M. Cutter, president of the United Fruit Company, finally publishes a long article in *El Espectador,* saying:

"It would be a good idea . . . to stop talking politics, revolutions, racial differences, imperialism, and all the rest of it . . . and do something real in the line of economy on a basis of mutual profit. Latin America offers an immense field for our capital, our engineers, our automobiles, and our machinery. Almost all of this gigantic territory is still without light and power. Railways and tramways begin to multiply. Road construction is hardly beyond its infancy. The cultivation of cotton, tobacco, cocoa beans, fruit, and rubber and the production of wool is waiting for development. Oil is produced abundantly. Large department stores do not exist here yet. Commerce and finance offer splendid opportunities. . . ."

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HISTORY: A SYMPOSIUM—by Will Durant. What impels the destiny of nations? Is it geography, race, climate, leaders? And what *is* history?

TEXAS FIGHTS THE POWER MONOPOLY—by Truett B. Marshall. With an article by Senator Norris, PLAIN TALK helped to defeat a power grab in New Mexico. We now turn to the Power Trust situation in Texas.

A DEFENSE OF HORSE-RACING—By Professor Albert L. Hammond, a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins University's philosophy department, who does not believe that things are sinful just because they are pleasurable.

MUST MARRIED WOMEN BE LAZY?—by La Mar Warrick. The author is married and a mother. She does not believe that a woman's chief occupation should be spending her husband's money.

IN THE SAME ISSUE: Grain and Cotton Gambling, by Senator Lynn J. Frazier—Do the Undertakers Want to Reform?, by Charles Johnson Post—Hymenology, by Delbert Clark—What's Wrong With Our Schools?, by John H. Butler. (And others equally pertinent!)

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The Argentine press, like its President, is very frank. *La Critica* of Buenos Aires, whose comment is reprinted in the Brazilian press, was most outspoken. It says, in part: "Mr. Hoover was received in Buenos Aires by a black and clamorous multitude . . . but this reception was due less to enthusiasm and more to interest and curiosity in his person. It was truly an event to see a President-elect of the United States. . . . Buenos Aires had an image of him made up of his political and personal history . . . an image of a severe Quaker, which was transformed into that of a modern plutocrat who, the Bible at the head of his bed, sells damaged goods in Chicago and negotiates oil concessions as a government agent. . . . He may be pure as the Evangelical snows . . . and he has in his past certain good acts, such as giving his entire fortune to massacred Belgium . . . but one cannot deny that he has authentic credentials from Wall Street. We have seen it assault the economic sovereignty of many defenseless peoples . . . foment fratricidal revolutions; impose on the White House armed interventions in Mexico and Nicaragua; feed the vast scheme which strangles France and which dragged from Clemenceau that unforgettable letter of protest. . . . It raises the formidable barriers which divide us from North America. . . . It brought about the Sacco-Vanzetti affair, which left the world-conscience as if it had been flayed. . . . In order that Mr. Hoover may take back to Washington a clear notion of the sentiment pervading Argentina, we will explain it:

"We stand with Nicaragua and Sandino, its national hero. . . .

"We stand with Mexico in the defense of its oil wealth and in its action against the subversive Catholic rebellions supported by North American friends.

"We do not collaborate in the false politics of the Kellogg pact, which in no way impedes the Anglo-French naval treaty and the North American naval armament, perfectly solid by now. . . .

"We have a very bad impression of the tariff war carried on by Mr. Coolidge and by this gentleman against Argentine products.

"And we stand alert to hold back the advance of imperialism on the wealth of our sub-soil and on the economic welfare of the rest of the Latin-American countries."

Contributors to This Issue

ADAM DAY is the pseudonym of a member of the New York staff of the *Christian Science Monitor* who has specialized in foreign affairs.

PAUL BLANSHARD is associate editor of *The Nation.*

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ANNE SINGLETON has contributed poems and reviews to *The Nation* and other periodicals.

BERTRAND RUSSELL, the English physicist and social philosopher, is the author of "The Problems of China" and "The A B C of Relativity."

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LEWIS S. GANNETT is a contributing editor of *The Nation.*

WALTER GUTMAN is at work on a book on modern art.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY, author of several books on the theater, writes on motion pictures for *The Nation.*

ANITA BRENNER contributes to *The Nation* frequently on Latin-American topics.

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